THE

Pilgrim's Passage

IN

POESIE:

TO THE

Palace *Beautiful*,

IN THE

Chamber of *PEACE*.

Ager Scholæ, A. M.

A Syrian ready to perish was my Father. Deut. 26. 5.
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord, Col. 3. 16.

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FEB

TO THE

Charitable Reader.

BOoks *in our* Studies, *ſhare in our Favour, as Children in our Families; ſome one carries the Beſt: And ſo we pleaſe our ſelves by Habits, or Characters of Diſtinction.*

Either in the firſt, as Joſeph *by his Father; or in the ſecond, as* Jacob *by his Mother, managing her Project even to a ſtealing of the Bleſſing.*

The Lot of Fondneſs, oft falls upon the leaſt, or youngeſt Child; which, tho it may not ſpeak as well as the Elder, yet may have ſome Marks of a deep Judgment, and Excellent Invention; The very Endowments which drew my Affections to the Pilgrim's Progreſs. *So I took the* Pilgrim *to my own Glaſs, ambitious to dreſs him for my own pleaſure.*

It's well I had no higher Thoughts; for as I went on in the Dreſſing-Room, Art ſo often fail'd me, that I was ready to throw up All; as looking far better in his plain Cloaths, than by all the Lacing, Pricking, and Pinning, that I could afford him. Yet ſometimes I thought better; and as a beautiful Child, that looks well at one time, and ſhows Courſer at another, ſo did the Pilgrim *in my Eye; Inſomuch, I was ready to ſay, as ſome Parents, of a worſe-favour'd Child;* But thou art my own, I could fling thee away. *And thus diſputing it with my ſelf, what to do, in comes a bold thought, ſaying, Nay, hold! don't do ſo. Thou haſt had other thoughts of it thy ſelf; and ſo may another man; tho at firſt he diſlike it, another time it may look better.*

Thus was this Dreſſing
Reſcu'd from the Grave.

But the main Encouragement was another Thought, grounded on a paſſage in Divine Herbert:

A Verſe may find him
That a Sermon flies.

This afforded freſh Vigour and Reſolution; So it went on, only with this Emulation in the Foulds of Love: That I had but more of the Rare Spirit of that Divine Man! A double; nay, a ſingle; nay, a quarter would have pleas'd me well: But every man is anſwerable according to his own receiving, and not other mens.

And becauſe every one has receiv'd ſome, to bury, tho but one Talent, and a ſmall one too, would be hereafter a dangerous Witneſs.

I preſent thee then, Chriſtian Reader! tho in mean Ornaments, a perſon of moſt Noble Extract, the Chriſtian Pilgrim.

Was he now to be ſeen in his ſhining Rayments of Light, in his Father's Kingdom, thou muſt acknowledg this poor Dreſs could not effect or leſſen him. Yet might it but affect my ſelf, and any here below with me, I ſhould think I was one ſtep higher in this Kingdom of Grace; So to ſtand fair for advancement in the Kingdom of Glory; not far off every Believer in Chriſt Jeſus.

And thus I commit thee to the Divine Protection: for the preſent, thus beſpeaking thy Candid Cenſure.

Freedom, oft breeds Contempt,
We hear it ſaid:
So Books Read beſt of all
When th' Author's Dead.
Death maketh all things ſtink;
Provided Ever,
Mens Labours then, are
Either Sweet, or Never.

THE

THE Pilgrim's Passage IN POESIE:

PART I.

THrough this World's Wilderneſs, poor Pilgrim, I
Wandering, at length a Den I did eſpy;
Where lying down, I dream'd, and thought I ſee
A Man in Raggs, full of Perplexity,
Some diſtance from his houſe: A Book in hand,
A great *Back-burthen*, there I found him ſtand,
Reading, and weeping, ſhaking, trembling too:
Still crying out, *Sirs! Sirs! what ſhall I do!*
Home then he went in this ſame very Plight,
To Wife and Children; ſtriving all he might
To hold his Grief: But this he could not long,
Growing ſo faſt; at laſt it prov'd too ſtrong:
So he burſt out, ſaying in bitter Paſſion,
Harken, my neareſt, deareſt of Relation,
Children and Wife! I am a Man undone;
Our City muſt be burnt; and where to Run,
Do I not know: Beſides, this heavy Load
My Flight will hinder, and much incommode
All our Eſcapes. On this, a great Surprize
Seiz'd his whole Houſe; his Wife and Childrens Eyes

Gusht out with Tears: not that they Credit gave
To what he said; but thought th' poor man did Rave.
Yet hop't the best, and also for some Gains
By a Nights sleep, to th' settling of his Brains:
Which still prevailed not, whilst Grief and Fears
Prevented sleep, fomented so his Tears.
Friends seeing this, sometime they do deride him,
To drive away sad thoughts: sometimes they chide him.
Failing in these, they fall even to Neglects;
Seemingly draw off all their due Respects.
Finding they meant well under their mistake,
He to his Chamber went, and there did make
Prayers for them, that they might clearly see;
And for himself, condol'd his misery.
Into the Field he takes: In each Apartment
He pray'd, & read, & show'd forth what his heart meant.
This I observ'd; and oft times thus he crav'd,
What shall I do, Lord, that I may be sav'd?
I saw him look this way, and that way too,
As one that could not tell what he would do.
He had not long stood there, but to assist
There comes a Man, named *Evangelist*,
Asking the Reason of so great a Cry?
He answer'd, Sir, I am condemn'd to die!
After to Judgment, saith this very Book;
Neither of which, at all, can I once look
To find my self in any kind of haste;
To will the former, or to wish the last.
What, loth to die! *Evangelist* reply'd,
To quit this Grief, and many more beside.
I am indeed, straightway the poor man said,
Fearing this burden that is on me laid,
Will sink me so, that I am like to have
My Lodging Deeper, Darker than the Grave.

Then

Then ſaid *Evangeliſt*, if this be ſo,
Haſte, man! make haſte, don't ſtand ſtill, but go.
I know not whither, for my Heart and Soul,
Said the poor man. Then take this *Parchment Roll*,
Reply'd *Evangeliſt*: For Rules therefrom
Thou haſt, will teach thee fly from wrath to come.
He read, and looking to *Evangeliſt*,
Said carefully, as being in a Miſt,
Where muſt I fly? *Evangeliſt* then ſaid,
O're that wide Field: And then a point he made
At a ſmall Wicket-Gate: See that, ſaid he!
I can't, cry'd the man: Then can you ſee
That *ſhining Light*? He ſaid, I think I do.
There fix your Eye, be ſure, ſtraight thither go,
Said good *Evangeliſt*; ſo ſee the Gate;
There knock, and have a true and perfect State,
Of the beſt meaſures for a Pilgrim's Walk:
So the man Run, and ſtaid no further talk.
But as he went, not far from his own Door,
His Children make ſad Noiſe, they Cry and Roar:
Stopping his Ears againſt his very Wife,
He Run, and Cry'd, *Life*, *Life*, *Eternal Life*.
Towards the Plain he took, ne'r look't behind him,
And that full faſt, as far as I could mind him.
Neighbours came out to ſee; ſome chide, ſome ſcorn;
Some cry out after him, Return! Return!
Of them that did ſo, two, more Rough and Courſe
Went and reſolv'd to fetch him back by force.
Pliable, *Obſtinate*, theſe two were nam'd,
The latter knew not how to be aſham'd.
When they o're-took him; for he made good way,
The man ſaid, Neighbours, what is it ye ſay?
Return with us, we ſay, reply'd the men.
Put hand to Plow, after look back again?

Then *Christian* said; for that was his true Name,
Our City where we dwell will come to shame,
And sad destruction, earlier, or late;
And we returning, run the self same Fate.
Of *Sodom*'s Sulphry Flames they sure did taste,
Who liv'd in *Sodom* to the very last.
Good Neighbours, be content, and go with me.
Leave Friends, said *Obstinate*! Then Fools are we.
Chr. Who changes for the worse, Fools you may call;
But see one Friend that's better than 'em all.
Keep but close to him, after he is found;
Prove but my words, I'le warrant you they'r sound.
Obst. What hath he whom thou seek'st? Can he bestow
Fairer Possessions than are here below?
Chr. Those if you lose but, all your harm and loss,
Compar'd with his Rich Gifts, are meerly Dross.
I count them so, do not you too? Else look
Here in my Hand, the Contents of this Book.
Obst. Away with all your Books: Home will you go?
Chr. I told you once: *I vow* I can't do so.
Obst. Come Neighbour *Pliable*, let's turn again
Without him; for say what you will, it's vain:
Urge not these *Crazy Heads*, *Coxcombs*, *sad Tools*:
For as you find them, so you'll leave them Fools.
Pl. Don't Revile where there's so little Cause;
What *Christian* speaks, is Truth; and those good Laws
Hold in his hand, do all our Laws exceed:
Go with him then will I; I will indeed.
Obst. You'r very Rash: I'm sorry you have said thus:
This sick-brain'd Fellow, whither may he lead us?
Chr. Nay, but do *thou* come; *Pliable*'s i'th' right,
Thou shalt see Objects that will please thy sight;
And all thy Senses too: It's purchas't Good.
See this *New Testament*, that's seal'd with Blood.

Pl.

Pl. Well, Neighbour *Obstinate*, this course I'le steer;
But *Christian* does not know the Road, I fear.
Chr. To a small Gate, as told, my Course I frame,
Where we'll know more. *Evangelist*'s his Name,
Who shew'd me first the Light for my direction.
Pl. Come, Brother, then let's go with all Affection.
Obst. But I'le go home: I'le ne'r blow with the Bellows
Of these *Phantastick, Whimsey-headed Fellows.*
Then in my Dream, when *Obstinate* was gone
Over the Plain, I saw these two alone.
This was their talk: I'm glad the *Christian* said,
Obstinate-like, you have not been afraid.
Had even he, as I, been tost and hurl'd;
Felt what I feel, as to the other world;
Powers, and Terrors of things yet unseen,
Thus to draw back, so fond he'd ne're have been.
Pl. Come, Neighbour *Christian* (now we're all alone)
With them above what's to be had, or done?
Chr. E're this Point's gain'd, I fear it will be long;
Or ready as my Heart, to find my Tongue.
But this; an Endless Kingdom's there, be sure,
Crowns, that more glorious, are, and far more pure
Than here below: Garments more fine than Light;
The Sun it self does not shine half so bright.
No Sorrow's there, nor Tears on any Face;
These are wip't off by th' owner of the place.
Cherubims, *Angels*, *Seraphims*, are there;
Whose Glory can't be look't on, were they here.
Thousands, Ten Thousands, that are gone before;
And entered within the Glorious Door,
There you shall meet: Hurtful no more are they;
But Loving, Holy, Righteous, Good alway.
There you'll see *Elders* with their Golden Crowns;
And *Virgins* with their Golden Harps; whose Sounds

Of

Of Melody, Raviſh moſt Curious Ears.
The Glorious *Martyr* alſo there appears,
Though cut in peices, burnt, and butcher'd; ſo
Cruelly us'd; in ſunder ſawn below;
Eaten of Beaſts, drown'd in the Sea; for Love
He firmly bore unto his Lord above,
All cloath'd in Garments of immortal Bliſs,
In that Rich Place where no worſe Rayment is.
Pl. O Raviſhing Report! But how ſhall I
Get this Poſſeſſion, and as ſure Enjoy?
Chr. Theſe Glorious Manſions have a ſupream Lord:
His the whole Mannor is; This his Record,
Here in my hand. He would have all men know it;
Willing but they; he's ready to beſtow it.
Pl How glad am I! Let's haſte; we don't go.
Chr. This heavy burden forces me walk ſlow.
In my Dream, further, I ſaw well enough,
They drew near to a filthy, miry Slough,
Called *Diſpond*; but they both wanting heed,
In the deep Bogg were fouly faſt indeed.
Pliable ſaid, *Chriſtian*! where are we now?
Chriſtian reply'd, Truly I do not know.
Now *Pliable* begun to be offended:
Nor more heard I, the Chriſtian way commended
By *Pliable*; who ſaid, if thus, my Friend,
What may we find before our Journey End?
May I eſcape with Life, and hence go free!
Take your brave Countrey your ſelf, for me.
With that he try'd a deſperate ſtruggle or two,
On that ſide towards his Houſe; and it did do;
For he came out: and ſtraight homewards he bore:
And *Chriſtian* ſtriving, faſten'd more and more;
So great his Load: Yet for all his ſad Fate,
He fled from *home-ſide*, towards the *Wicket-Gate*:

Until

Until at length there happily came by
One *Help*, who ſaid, how came you here, and why?
Chr. I was adviſ'd by one to take this Path,
That I might fly from an approaching Wrath.
Help. Why look't you not for ſteps? even here, juſt by?
Chr. Fear follow'd me ſo cloſe, drove me awry.
Give me thy hand, ſaid *Help*; ſometimes I'm found:
That done, he pull'd, and brought him to ſafe ground;
Bidding him go: But I, deſirous
To learn of him who helpt poor *Chriſtian* thus;
Said in my Dream, Sir! ſince to yonder Gate,
This is the way from that *Deſtructive* State;
Why don't the Countrey Joyn, and mend this Plat;
For more Security; *at any rate*?
He ſaid. Good Sir, This is the Common Sink
It's very plain: and ſo all Wiſe Men think;
Where Scums and Filths of Sin (ſeen by Conviction)
For *Randevows*, in days of Old, did fix on.
A Sinner waken'd, ſeeing his loſt State,
There riſes in his Soul ſuch a debate
Of Fears; ſmall Hopes, great Doubts; ſad Apprehenſion
Of things more dreadful far than we can mention:
Theſe ſettle here; which is, as you have found,
The Cauſe of this ſad, Boggy, rotten, ground.
Not the King's pleaſure neither, that it's thus:
He ſends forth *Workmen* moſt laborious;
Who ſixteen hundred years, I'm ſure, and more,
Having *Surveyors* of the work ſet o're
By the King's Majeſty; to have it mended,
Thouſands, yea Millions, of Cart-Loads have ſpended;
Fill'd with Inſtructions, *at all ſeaſons* too;
Have done its Plain as much as men *can* do:
Materials of the beſt: Do what they will,
This keeps its Name, the Slough of *Diſpond* ſtill.

By the direction of the Legislator,
Are placed Steps; For foul and filthy matter
Breaks out, as hath been known, oft and again,
At change of Weather, bringing Wind, or Rain.
Mens Dizzy Heads, causes 'em slip aside;
For all these Steps are here: But Run or Ride
You may, and that too at a good round rate,
When past this place, and got within the *Gate*.
By this time, now, all on a sweat and foam,
Our fretting *Pliable* was just got home,
As in my Dream I saw: Friends flocking in;
Some Wise Man, Fool, some Coward, calling him;
He sneaking there: But afterwards this *Crack*,
Joyning with rest, laid all on *Christian's* Back;
Whom now I saw, and heard groaning i'th Road,
Perceiving well, Scorn can increase a Load.
As *Christian* travell'd thus, I saw another
Meet him, just as their ways crost each the other;
He who met *Christian*, was a man of Fame;
A Gentleman; and *Worldly-Wit* his Name.
The Town of *Carnal Policy* his home,
And not far off the Town whence *Christian* came.
This man hearing great talk (as like to be
When Men go far and near New Sights to see)
The weary steps which the poor *Christian* made,
His struggling with foul way, and sighing Trade,
So well described this poor man, alas!
That *Worldly wit* soon guessed who he was.
Saying, Good Fellow, whither with this Load?
Chr. A Load indeed, and a sad dirty Road.
But as to th' place I'm for; sooner or late,
I hope to pass through yonder Wicket-Gate:
For there, I'm told, I shall know how and where,
To rid my self of this great Load I bear.

Hast

Wor. Haſt thou a Wife and Children, or no?
Chr. I have, and yet I am now burden'd ſo,
Mythinks I am as tho I was without.
Wor. Hear but, and I'le adviſe thee well, ne're doubt.
Chr. If good, I will; for I have need of ſuch.
Wor. Throw down thy Load, and that will eaſe thee much.
Thou haſt Variety, but 'twill not pleaſe;
Thy thoughts ſtill Rolling, like the reſtleſs Seas.
Chr. This weight to part with is my great deſign;
Cauſes my coming, this way, at this time.
I can't take it off my ſelf; and none
I find with us, can move ſo vaſt a ſtone.
Wor. What wandring Head advis'd thee this Wild Courſe?
Chr. Evangeliſt, believe me, and no worſe.
Wor. Juſt like him, full of Toyl; It's plain enough.
Dirt I ſee on thee, of the *Diſpond Slough.*
Heed me, thy Senior far: This way thou'l find
Full of Croſs-Roads, and things to vex thy mind.
Canſt thou hug Hunger? Canſt thou play with Pain?
Parlee with Perils? Or the Sword reſtrain?
Canſt thou weild wearineſs? endure the breath
Of Poyſonous Dragons, Dungeons, Darkneſs, Death?
Chr. As terrible this burthen is, and more
Than all thoſe dreadful things you reckon'd o're:
Deliverance from this Weight, may I but ſee't,
Come elſe what will, I care not what I meet.
Wor. How cameſt thou by it firſt, I do demand?
Chr. By reading this ſame Book here in my hand.
Wor. 'Tis like enough, and ſo 'twill be, think I,
When ſuch *weak Heads* meddle with things ſo high.
Great puzling Grief, and ſinking Sorrow enters,
When men launch forth, and make ſuch bold Adven-

I know not what to compaſs and obtain.
Chr. But I know what it is I would ſee fain;
Eaſe from this ponderous Load; that would content me.
Wor. The way thou tak'ſt, I'm ſure, will prevent thee.
Yet all thy Wiſh, I'le ſhow thee may be had
An eaſier way by half, than thou haſt laid,
And ſet forth thus, through throngs of greateſt Grief:
I'le ſhow thee through great Peace, Content, Relief.
Chr. Open your Secret, pray; I can't think it.
Wor. That your Rough Road, I can't abide it; ſink it.
What man of Senſe will ſtep one foot your way?
Yond' Town, *Morality*; mark it, I ſay;
There dwells a Gentleman of conſtant Fame,
Moſt Complaiſant; *Legality's* his Name,
He can take off your Burden from your Back;
Drink with you, merrily, a Glaſs of Sack.
Much good this way I know this man has done;
For *Crazy Heads*, he cures all that come.
If he's from home, don't preſently retire;
His Son *Civility*, call'd the Young Squire;
He'll do the Feat as ſure as his Father;
And I have heard he'll do it quicker, rather.
If you'r for Rarities, want Foul or Fiſh;
There you have what you will; even any Diſh
You mind: Things there are very cheap;
Moſt courteous Neighbours, who will run and leap,
At meeting, when they 'ave been a while from home;
Hugging each other too from Room to Room.
This fine Report, brought *Chriſtian* to a ſtand;
But preſently reſolved whether hand
He now would take. If this be ſo, ſaith he.
Chr. Show me, I pray, which way my Courſe ſhall be,

To

To this Great *Lawyer's* Houſe, And I will run.
Wor. Climb but that Hill, and all your work is done.
Chriſtian, tranſported, runs; He leaves his way;
Men moſt deceiv'd, always make leaſt delay.
" *Never more bold, than when moſt blind;*
" *Run faſteſt when the Truth's behind.*
But coming near the Hill, *his Fears* came on;
This Hill hangs over ſo, 'twill fall anon,
Poor *Chriſtian* cry'd: Then ſtopt, for he fell ill,
With weight o'th' Burden, and with Fright o'th' Hill;
Flaſhes of Fire, oft breaking out o'th' Mount;
Strait to be burnt, poor *Chriſtian* made account.
He ſweat, and broil'd, trembled, and quak't for fear;
Sighing, and ſhedding many a Briny Tear;
His Voice diſturbed ſo, he ſpoke not plain
Any whole word; yet oft, though, and again,
I heard him cry, *World*! *World*! deceitful thing;
Thou cheateſt all, the *Beggar* and the *King*.
He ſaw one like *Evangeliſt*, that came
Tow'rds him: And then poor *Chriſtian* bluſht for ſhame.
Evan. Who put thee, man, into this ſtark mad mood,
To leave thy way? Then *Chriſtian* ſpeechleſs ſtood.
Evan. Art thou not he that made thoſe *Roars* & *Bawls*,
A while ago, without the City-Walls?
It was but Jeſt, it ſeems: Or, to be plain,
Nothing of truth, but *counterfeited Pain*.
Chriſtian begun, left neither Yard, nor Rood,
Of all his Paſſes, to the Spot he ſtood.
But all repeated was, he miſt not it,
Said, form'd, or done, 'twixt him and *Worldly-wit*.

Evang. If they eſcap'd not who refuſed him
That ſpake from Earth; that is ſo dark and dim;
How then ſhall we eſcape, if our Old Leaven
Stop us from hearing him that ſpeaks from Heaven?
Thou haſt begun, *O baſe! O ſad! O fie!*
For to reject the Counſel o'th' moſt high;
Even thou art he; Mourn and lament; ne'r ceaſe;
That drew thy Foot quite from the way of Peace.
Chriſtian, as if he'd heard Death's Sentence read,
At foot of *Evangeliſt* fell down as dead:
But he, kind man, had pity; and 'twas ſuch,
He gave his hand, which cheriſht *Chriſtian* much;
And with theſe words poor *Chriſtian* did relieve;
Diſpair not, man; Ben't faithleſs, but believe:
Only more earneſt heed, I pray thee take,
To what I ſay, for thy own good and ſake.
That *Cheat's* right call'd, and named *Worldly-wit:*
For, as to th' world, there's none more favours it:
That takes up all his time, his thoughts and cares;
He goes to th' Town *Morality* to Prayers:
That's his beſt *Liturgy*, which yeilds leaſt Loſs;
That Doctrine's beſt that's furtheſt off the *Croſs.*
Take my advice; *Legality*'s a Cheat:
He Juggles moſt to purpoſe, that is great.
Fine Words, and Cloaths, may ſooner ſet thee wrong,
Than one in Rags, who ſtammers with his Tongue.
Write an *Abhorrence*; ſend it *Worldly-wit.*
Show there thy wandring, how thou mourns for it.
Speak the plain Truth, tell him thou can't afford
Gaining the World; By *looſing* of thy Lord;
Whoſe Croſs thou'l not diſpiſe, tho *Egypt* Land,
And *India* too, were given thee in hand.

An

An *Aliens Worldly wit* and a great cheat
Legality, whoſe writings all do treat,
Of meer Deluſions: Civils ſimpering looks,
He's like the Reſt: All Read in *Conjuring Books*.
Evangeliſt, with this cry'd out and ſaid,
Unto the Heavens, which the Great God made,
Confirm ye this! And juſt even as he ſpoke,
A dreadful fire, out o'th' *Mountain* broke
Where *Chriſtian* ſtood: And words which did expreſs
No leſs then Death, to all in *Legal* dreſs.
Chriſtian cry'd out, lamenting his hard fate,
Finding himſelf ſo near the *Legal Gate*,
By ſuch advice as had its Riſe and Spring
From Fleſh and Blood, or ſuch like filthy thing.
Chr. Evangeliſt! Good Sir, is't not too late
For me, poor wretch, to reach the *Wicket-Gate*?
Evang. Great are thy ſins: Yet this I ſay again,
He at the Gate hath great *Good Will for Men.*
Chriſtian lookt back, before he went a while:
Evangeliſt kiſt him, and gave a Smile,
Bidding God ſpeed. Then *Chriſtian* Run, I found,
Treading like one upon forbidden ground.
E're long I ſaw *Chriſtian* the Gate had gain'd;
Tho he march'd up full wearily and pain'd.
Now o're the Gate in writing there did ſtand
Theſe words, fair written, in a curious hand:

Be it early, be it late;
Knock; I'll open thee the Gate.

He knockt not once, nor twice; but many a Rap
He gave, and ſaid ſoft to himſelf, Good hap
May I now have; tho undeſerving Gueſt:
Then in his Praiſes will I ſing my beſt.

At laſt a perſon came, Fair, Grave and Old,
And ask't him who he was? whence? what he would?
Chr. A burden'd ſinner, poor and low am I,
Who from *Deſtruction-Town* of late did flye:
Mount Sion is the place I travel to;
I'm now in haſte; I pray Sir, let me throw!
Goodw. I will with all my heart: And ſo flew open
The Gate, as ſoon, almoſt, as he had ſpoken.
As *Chriſtian* ſtept, the other with quick ſpeed
Pluckt him ſo far, that he was in indeed.
What meaneth this, *Good will*? the Chriſtian ſaid.
Goodw. There is a Caſtle and an *Ambuſcade*
Juſt o're the way, where *Bellzebub* is head,
Thence ſhoot they Darts, hoping to ſtrike them dead
Who make at this our *Port.* Then Chriſtian Sung,
For all his trembling, that the *Portal* Rung
With his Rejoycing. After this *Good will*
Ask't him who 'twas, that ſet him up the *Hill.*
Chr. Evangeliſt told me, there's no way but it.
Goodw. An open door's before thee none can ſhut it.
Chr. Now comes in Fruit from every Sigh and Groan!
Goodw. How chanc'd it yet you came thus all alone?
Then *Chriſtian* did Repeat from firſt to laſt,
What caus'd his coming, and what things had paſt:
And in th' Account Great Zeal for Truth was ſhown;
In others Faults, he did not hide his own.
But he concluded thus: *I'm ſelf-abhorr'd,*
Not at all fit to ſtand before my Lord.
Goodw. None we except that hold thus far devout,
Once they come here, we never caſt them out.
Good Chriſtian therefore come along a while
And learn the way, ſo well, that no beguile

May Rob thee of thy *hope*: See as thou ſtands,
That *Norroway*, caſt up even by the hands;
Of *Chriſt*, *Apoſtles*, *Patriarchs*, *Prophets too*,
Straight as a Line keep it, and that will do.
Chr. Are there no turnings then, Good Sir, I Pray?
Alas! I'm apt, I'm apt, to miſs my way.
Goodw. Yes, truely Chriſtian, many's of that ſort,
But know thou this, the Right, which leads to th' *Court*,
Of Peace, *is Straight*, *Narrow*, not wide at all,
As wrong ways are: Which *Crooked* too do fall.
Wherever one is, th' other's alſo there,
Crooked and Broad, thou'l find them every where.
Chr. Yet one word further, Good my Lord I have!
This burden on my back, I fain would leave:
How muſt I do? *Where* muſt it be? and *when?*
Goodw. Stay but the time, and it will fall off then,
Even of it ſelf. So Chriſtian did prepare,
For further *Progreſs* in his grand affair;
As he took leave, *Evangeliſt* did tell him
Of great *Succeſs*, which afterwards befel him.
Not many furlongs from the *Wicket-Gate*,
There was a Man well verſed in the State
Of *Sions Mount*; And in the Road thereto:
Chriſtian, ſtrange things might hear and ſee him do;
The Houſe of the *Interpreter* this was,
Commodious for all Pilgrims as they Paſs.
Chriſtian took with him this good News: So Run,
His Stage was ended, almoſt, when begun,
He made ſuch haſte: When there, he knockt full hard,
And ſoon was Anſwer'd from the *Porters Ward*,
Whoſe there? What want ye? Th' Maſter: Is he at home?
Chriſtian Reply'd; with that the Maſter come.

Chr.

Chr. By him at th' head o'th' way I was ſent hither,
Where *Sion's Sons*, and all that travel thither,
Take their *Directions*, as that good man ſaid.
And tho but poor, I'm loath to be betray'd.
Interp. Welcome, come in: Light up a candle ſtraight,
He ſaid to's Man: And follow you the Light,
He ſaid to *Chriſtian*: So they all three come
Into a large, low, private *Dining-Room.*
Then ſaid th' *Interpreter* unto his Man,
Open that Door: that done, *Chriſtian* began
To be afraid, ſeeing a moſt grave man,
Moſt rarely drawn, devout, looking above
All Pourtraicts of one *wrapt in holy Love.*
Theſe were the *Landskips*, as my Dream did mind him?
A Crown of Gold before, the World behind him.
This in the *Picture*, I obſerv'd again;
It ſtood juſt as 'twere PLEADING ſtill with Men.
Th' *Interpreter* obſerv'd, 'twas this man's work
To light us in dark places; where do lurk,
Many Temptations: Nam'd not th' Man at all,
But as deſcrib'd, I took it for St. *Paul.*
Then lead the *Chriſtian* to a Parlor Room,
Where many a year there had not come a Broom.
He bid his Man go ſweep: But then there Roſe
A Choaking duſt; So that the Chriſtian choſe
To fly for breath; until at laſt there came
A Damſel, who forthwith allay'd the ſteame,
By ſprinkling water there: So that the Place
Had much more Sweetneſs, Beauty, and more Grace.
Here ſaid th' *Interpreter*, Chriſtian, I ſhow thee!
What, without *waſhing*, ſurely will undo thee.
This duſty Room's *Mans Heart.* Obſerve the ſweeper
Raiſing the Duſt; this is the *Law* the Keeper,

That

That Chains up *Slaves* in holds, where they want
breath:
Under whoſe *Fetters* look for nought but Death:
The more he ſweeps, the more the Duſt he drives,
The workings of the *Law* Mans Sin revives.
The Damſel watering here, thou findſt it true;
The *Goſpel* gives Man Power, to ſubdue
Unruly Luſts: It leaves the Room moſt ſweet,
And then the Man ſits down at *Jeſus* Feet.
Faith clean's the Soul, and to make ſhort the ſtory,
Fits an *Apartment* for the King of Glory.
Then Chriſtian, and th' Interpreter Remov'd,
Into a leſſer Room; where, as it prov'd,
The ſight deſigned for the Chriſtian there,
Was but *two little Boys*, each in his Chair,
(The Eldeſts Name was *Paſſion*, and the other
Patience was call'd) Remote one from the other.
The firſt look't as he'd ſuckt ſome *Fretful* Dam,
The other very *Meek*, ſtill as a Lamb.

Chr. Why, ſhow you me this Room? Here's nothing Rare,

Int. Inſtructions for Chriſtians; there are,
If for none elſe: And this, I'm ſure thou knows,
Some heed a Nod, when others do not blows.
The ſelf-ſame *Tutor*, theſe two Boys have had,
The ſelf-ſame *Lecture*, to them both been read;
Both theſe have longed earneſtly for *Plumbs*;
The Maſter crys Peace, Peace, till Fruit time comes.
Paſſion denies, unleſs they'l find him ſtores
Of Gold, and Silver, Cobs and Lauydor's:
Theſe (when powr'd out of Bags, at *Paſſions* feet)
Swept off ſowr looks: And he became more ſweet,
Laughing at Patience; till at laſt I ſee
All ſpent and gone; nothing but Rags was he.

Chr. Teach me I Pray, further to underſtand
The meaning of the Object now in hand.
Int. The ſelf-ſame Parents both theſe Children claim:
Patience is chang'd; begotten, *born again*;
Unto a Lively hope: He ſtays the Seaſon
Of the *Ripe Fruits*: And a ſubſtantial Reaſon
Contents this child. He ſees Fruit here is Green,
And apt to ſurfeit: Many loſt have been,
Who judg'd Futurities not worth a Ruſh,
One Bird in hand worth two Birds in the Buſh;
Who have prefer'd poſſeſſions, Gay and Fine,
In hand, before Reverſions Divine.
Mind *Paſſion* there, for all his Golden brags,
In little time Cloathed with nought but Rags.
It's ſo with *Worldly Men*; with all, not ſome:
Their choice *Embroideries*, come Naked home.
Chr. Now I perceive moſt clear, by what is ſhown,
Patience hath better on't, more ways then one:
For firſt of all, he waits on this good Reaſon;
The Tree of *Promiſe* brings its Fruit in Seaſon,
As well as other *Plants*: Beſides it's plain,
He's in the Sun, when th' other ſtands ith' Rain.
Int. Nay, you may add another and 'twill do.
His Glory laſts when th' others is worn through:
His he hath laſt, and Laſt gives place to None:
Our *laſting* Things we have when other's gone.
Poor *Lazarus* his laſting Joys begun,
When *Dives* Pleaſures were all ſpent and done.
Who hath his Portion firſt, hath time to ſpend it,
Who hath it laſt, Eternity can't End it.
Chr. Then I perceive it's beſt for all, even Kings,
To covet Future, not theſe preſent Things.

Int. You know the proof, Seen things but temp'ral are,
Unſeen Eternal, (never to grow bare)
Seen things to Fleſh are *Neighbours*, well acquainted,
Unſeen are *ſtrangers*; therefore ſeldom wanted.
Again he took our Chriſtian by the hand,
Show'd him a *Wall and Fire*, by which did ſtand
One throwing water on; but 'twould not do,
For it burn't *higher* ſtill, and *hotter* too.

Chr. What may this mean? Good Sir! I humbly ask.

Int. This is the work of *Grace*; and ſuch a Task,
Is never undertaken that it's loſt,
Tho' with the utmoſt Fraud and Force, it's Croſt.
The Fire is Love Divine, within *Mans Heart*,
He that would quench it; act's the *Devils part*:
And why there's no *Succeſs* in all the *Treaſon*,
I'll ſhow you ſtraight, behind the Wall the Reaſon.
Then went they both unto the other ſide
O'th' Wall we Nam'd: There Chriſtian ſoon eſpy'd,
One that did hold a *Veſſel* full of Oyl,
And caſting, *ſecretly*, tho all the while
Into the fire, ſupplies of that *choice* Liquor;
Nothing could be ſo *freely* done or *quicker*.

Int. Here Chriſtian ſee! this Man is *Chriſt* our *Lord*,
Who th' Oyl of Grace ſo freely doth afford,
Maintaining in Mans heart what he begun;
Devil do's worſt, that cannot be undone.
This being too behind the Wall, doth ſhow
It's hard for *tempted* Man to ſee, or know,
How Grace i'th' Heart's *maintain'd*: O! may this ſight
When you are Wrong, at all times ſet you Right!

Chriſt doth not only keep up Grace i'th' Heart,
But baſles Satan in that very Part,
Which he's moſt ready in: What's dead, as 'twere,
When the Lord calls, cannot but Wake and Hear.
The Flood caſt out o'th' *Dragons* mouth; there's no Man,
Could once have thought how to have ſav'd the *Woman*;
But ready was *Relief* by Gods Decree,
God gave the *Earth*, a wider Mouth then he.
Moreover, in my dream, I look't and ſaw,
This goo'd *Interpreter* o' all the Law,
Take Chriſtian by the hand; ſo that he brought him
Into ſo large a place, Had I not ſought him,
The fineſt part of all my Dream I'd loſt:
But found him ſhortly (for I run with Poſt)
Where he was entertained with the View,
Of a Rich Pallace, Stately, Fine, and New.
Much pleas'd was Chriſtian, as I did diſcover
In's very looks: There was a Joy all over.
Upon the Pallace Top, one might behold
Perſons of great Account, *all Cloath'd in Gold.*
O ſaid the Chriſtian may we enter here!
So they advanced both; but drawing near
Unto the Door, great Crowds of Men they ſaw.
Deſiring *Entrance*: Yet behold an Awe
And Dread was on them; for againſt the Gate,
With Book and Inkhorn at a Table ſate:
A Man who took Account of each ones Name,
Who did effect the Thing for which he came.
And in the door way, Chriſtian ſaw again,
There ſtood a Band of Stout-well-armed Men,
Keeping the Paſs; declaring none ſhould enter,
Unleſs Life, Limb, Eſtate, and all they'l venture.

Ma-

Many Men offer'd: And there many a Crack,
No ſooner offer'd, then he leaped back.
As *Chriſtian* (in amaze) was looking on:
Boldly came up One, who it ſeems had gone
Through many a Fight: And ſtepping to the Table
Write down my Name, ſaid he, I hope I'm able
To make my way; My Cauſe is good, it's Love:
And thoſe my Deareſt Friends that walk above,
With that he drew; And unto all Mens ſight
Appear'd a Man that was *Reſolv'd* to fight:
On went his *Helmet*, *Breſt-Plate*, and with thoſe
He was Content; ne'r heeding Shins and Toes.
To th' Door he run (warmly received though)
By th' Armed Men: And many a deadly blow
He had; yet not at all diſmay'd,
He fought as if, Fighting, had been his Trade.
Wounds he receiv'd and gave: But cut through th'e throng.
Entring the Gate, moſt Curious *Voice in Song*
Was heard, loud, lovely, Raviſhingly ſweet:
Theſe all the ſentences that I could meet.

Well fought, well run,
So ſaid, ſo done:
Fear Death no longer,
Now thy Glorys come.

O! May my Health and Sickneſs ſo Preſage:
When I march off, from this terreſtial Stage;
As may my Friends below, on this wiſe move,
To Sing this Song, his Friends have done above.
But ſtill my Dream went on; and ſo ſtraight way,
The Man went up, and Cloathed was as they.
Then Chriſtian *Smil'd* (I ſaw plain in my dreaming)
Truely ſaid he, I think I know the meaning,

Well,

Well, let's go hence, but ſee a little more,
Said the *Interpreter*, here's further Store
Of Forage, for your way: You'll need it all.
So they went to a Room, both very ſmall,
And darkiſh too; where ſuddenly they found,
In a ſtrong *Iron Cage*, *a Man in Pound*:
Had a dejected Look, with folded Hands,
Looking as tho the very *Strings* and *Bands*,
Of his ſad Heart were breaking. What means this?
The Chriſtian ſaid: Some great Thing ſure's amiſs.

Int. Ask you the Man your ſelf, He beſt can tell.

Chr. What art thou Man? A Devil on this ſide Hell?

Then ſaid the Man, I am not what I was,
A ſtrong Profeſſor, and One well to paſs,
In the moſt Curious Eye, as well as mine,
Fit for the beſt: I thought my ſelf ſo fine,
Heavens Citizens, would long to ſee me there:
I often thought, *how great* I ſhould appear.

Chr. But now what art thou Man? And what's thy Caſe?

Man. Diſpair it was, that brought me to this place.
I left off Watching and Sobriety,
Not Choice, or Curious of Society;
But laid the *Reins* i'th' Neck of every *Luſt*,
What way they led me, that way go I muſt.
Gods Holy Spirit *I griev'd, and he Remov'd*:
Tempting the Devil, he caught me as it prov'd.
With hardening of my Heart ſo far I went,
That now, tho Life lye's on't I can't Repent.
Then Chriſtian turn'd: *Interpreter*! he ſaid,
Are there *no Promiſes* to this Man made?

Int. Ask him, He'll not conceal it I'll engage.

Chr. Can none Releaſe thee from this Iron Cage?

Man.

Man. No None: There's None, on whom poor I can call.

Chr. Why ſo? The Son of God is kind to all.

Man. Him I have Crucify'd, which brought to mind,
Afreſh my wounded Conſcience bleeds I find.
Him I diſpis'd, it's that makes Conſcience ring,
Eſteem'd his Blood, as an unholy Thing.
Deſpite I did unto the Spirit of Grace;
That deſperate wretch, I cannot have the Face
To ask an Alms; in hopes I ſhould ſucceed,
Which cauſes Horror, from my Soul proceed
In frightful ſort; Like overflowing Streams:
My Bed I know muſt be in fiery Flames.

Chriſt. What Tyde hath drawn thy Ship to this *Black Sea*?

Man. Luſt, *Sport*, and *Gain*, did haunt me every Day:
Nothing could ſtop the force of my Carrier,
Theſe as a burning Worm, now gnaw me here.
Eternal! O Eternal, endleſs State
Of Weeping, Wailing, Gnaſhing! Now my Fate.

Int. Let this Mans miſery a Caution be.
Oft may thy mind this woeful Object ſee!

Chriſt. Well, this is dreadful Sir, God grant I may
Mind it, and Fear, and Strive, and Watch, and Pray.
But is't not now high time to march my way.

Int. Stay now, I have but one thing more to ſay.
So he lead Chriſtian to another Room;
Where I did think the very *Day of Doom*,
Was coming on: For there a Man aroſe
Out of his Bed; with that the very *Cloaths*
Shook on his back: He trembling like a leaf,
Looking a look, that was more pale then Death.

What's

What's here? said Christian starting, How I quake!
Int. Man! let the Christian know the cause: Come speak.
Man. This night I dream'd, and presently I see
It Light'ned and it Thundred dreadfully,
Heaven black, and Clouds rack at unusual rate,
The Trumpet sounded, and a Man there sate
Upon a Cloud; with a most *Glorious* Train
All was on Fire, *The Heavens in a flame.*
I heard a voice which cry'd *Arise ye Dead*!
And it was done, well nigh as soon as said.
Come ye to Judgment! Was the next I heard;
Then Graves were open'd, Rocks were Rent and Tear'd
Even as *Thin Paper*; And the Dead came forth
Some mighty glad: Others, as those not worth
The Ground they tread; who cry'd unto the *Hills*
To cover them: Or any thing that Kills;
To hide them from his Face, that sate o'th' Cloud.
A Book then opened was, and a vast Crowd
There stood before him: *All the Word drew near.*
Gather the Tares and Chaff and Stuble there,
Cries a loud *Herauld*, from the burning lake.
So the *Pit opened*, and each fiery flake
Did sally forth, just by the place I stood,
With Hideous Voice: Not one I heard was good:
Out of their Mouths came darkening sulphury smoak.
To the same *Reapers* then I heard it spoke,
Gather my Wheat into my Garner now;
With that, I saw a goodly Glorious show
Of *Blessed ones*, caught up into the Ayr:
But left behind was I, with *Devils* there.

Alſo I ſought *a hiding place* ; but none
Would cover me, not Earth, nor Wood, nor Stone,
This way and that way I did ſtrive to fly,
But ſtill fixt on me was *the Judges Eye.*
Conſcience on every ſide, accus'd me ſo,
I ſoon perceiv'd it was in vain to go.
With that I *wak't* : But it's ſo Freſh and New,
It tremble thus, fearing it ſhould be true.
Have you conſider'd, what you ſee now here.
Chr. Yes, and it puts me both in hopes and fear.
Then Chriſtian Girded up his Loyns to go,
Int. The Comforter be with thee always: So
For to direct thee to the Holy Place,
As not be poſſible to loſe thy Race.
With this ſweet Bleſſing, Chriſtian went and Sung;
Betwixt two Walls his way: The *Eccho* Rung.
The Walls, *Salvation* call'd ; Chriſtian being ty'd
And held ſo firmly up, on every ſide.
Up this way Chriſtian run ; ſome time, tho ſlack,
Becauſe o'th' *Burden*, that was on his back:
Until he came, where there did ſtand a *Croſs*,
And where he came by a moſt happy loſs:
For juſt beneath a *Sepulcher* I ſaw,
And coming up with Croſs ; As if a Law
Commanded there, the Chriſtians Load fell off,
That Chriſtian *ſmil'd* : I thought I heard him Laugh.
It tumbl'd faſt, until it came to th' Door
O'th' Sepulcher, and then I ſaw't no more.
And Chriſtian ſaid aloud, I ſee, O Lord!
Thy Griefs, and Pains, poor Pilgrims eaſe afford ;
Thy Death's their Life : Then ſtood he ſtill to wonder,
And wept, as if his heart would break in ſunder ;

Standing there o're the *Tomb*: Until there came
Three ſhining ones I do not need to Name
Theſe all ſaluted him with *Peace*, and then
The firſt ſaid *Sins Forgiven* thee Amen.
The Second ſtript his Rags, and *Cloath'd him New.*
The Third beholding him ſo fair to view,
Confirm'd his Honour: Gave him Mark and Roll,
And *Letters Patents* in a Royal ſcrole;
Having the Kings Board Seal: And bid him look
On that at all times as his *Journal Book*,
To Guide him in at the Celeſtial Gate:
As his ſafe *Paſsport, and an Act of State.*
Three Leaps for Joy poor Chriſtian made and Sung,
So long I thought he'd never hold his Tongue.
What I remember's, ſhortly this, and take it
In the ſame words, juſt as the Chriſtian ſpake it.

O! The Grief that I was in,
So hard Loaded with my Sin:
Tho 'twas long, yet Bleſſed Race:
Surely God was in this Place,
And I knew not, *till the Pack*
Suddainly fell off my back.
Bleſſed Place! But rather he
Bleſſed is! That dy'd for me.

So he went down the Hill, and at the Foot
He ſaw three ſleeping; even ſnorring to't.
Simple, Preſumption, Sloth, with Toys, and Tackles,
So were they Nam'd, laid faſt by th' Heels in Shackles.
Chriſtian, then like a Valiant Man, drew up,
And ſaid, what? *Sleep* Men, on a *Main-Maſt-Top!*
Wake! Let me help you with your Fetters off.
So they did wake; *But every Man did Laugh:*

What? Slug and Mock too, now there's on the way
A Roaring Lyon: wake, riſe, run I ſay.
Simp. I ſee no danger yet; for all your wonder.
Sloath. Nor I indeed: Give me *more ſleep, more ſlumber.*
Preſum. Each *Tub ſay I,* on it's own bottom ſtands.
So they lay down, firſt having ſhaked hands,
Again to ſleep: And Chriſtian went his way,
Much griev'd to ſee ſuch ſleepy Sots as they.
Walking a little ſpace, he did diſcover
Two *modiſh Men,* haſtily tumbling over
A Wall, on the left hand the Narrow way:
Theſe came towards Chriſtian, and I heard him ſay,
Whence are you Gentlemen? And whither now?
He that leapt firſt was *Formaliſt,* and he
Who ventur'd after, was *Hypocriſie,*
Men. Vain Glory was our Birth-Place, and a vow,
Each of us have; which we are going now.
Zealouſly to perform; This we Rely on,
Will ſound our Praiſe: We're marching for *Mount Sion,*
Chr. Thither, and miſs the Gate, ſtrange Courſe you ſteer!
There's none do thus but *Theives*: Would you not hear
That Truth ſpoke in your Ears? What mean you Men?
If you'll come there, you muſt go back again.
Men. The Countrey Folks we ask't; and they agreed
The Gate was much about; And that we need,
No not all come there: Climbing the Wall
Was uſed much, and done almoſt by all.

Chr. Won't this be call'd a Trespass, and a Breach
Of his revealed will, whose Servants Teach,
The way lyes throw the Gate? What will he say,
Who is the Lord o'th' Town, you're for to day?
Men. Hurt not your Head with that: Neither fret thus,
The Custom of a Thousand Year's with us.
Chr. Ay, say you so? Will Custom stand in Law?
If older Records, It's not worth a straw.
Men. Yes, we'll maintain 't: Besides, when we're i'th' way,
How came you here? Shalt thou or any say:
Thou'rt but i'th' way as we, *for all thy prate*
Of coming so precisely through the Gate.
What more's thy gain then ours: Sure none at all,
Altho we came thus tumbling o'r the Wall.
Further, not much was said; But mind thy self:
The usual Answer of each willful *Elf.*
So they went on; with little further talk,
But that the Men told Christian, that their walk
Was clear and plain as his: Only his Coat
Made all the difference; which they judg'd he got
By some Friends Charity to hide his shame
And Nakedness: they well knew how it came.
Chr. Your Laws and Ord'nances, won't quit your score,
If you came in, by any way but Door:
And for my Coat; 'tis even as you say,
Bestowd on me by th' Lord of this High way,
To hide my Nakedness: I need not shame
To own a favour that from Honour came:
Especially when I had nought before,
But Clouts, and Rags; meer Poverty all o'r.
Thus do I plead my self on as I go:
For at the End my Lord will own't I know.

Me

He told them also of a *mark and Roll*,
Given for his Comfort in distress of Soul,
Which they had not, he fear'd; so coming in:
But all the Answer was, they laught at him.
Thus all went on I saw; but Christian first.
Nothing amongst them further was Reherst.
Christian talkt to himself, finding no good
Like to be done with Men in a mad mood.
Sometimes his Joy prevail'd; sometimes his sighs;
But then his *Roll*, would set All things to Rights.
Of this Joynt march, here was the whole result,
They came at last to th' Hill call'd difficult;
Where three ways Branch't: At *Bottom* was a Spring
The Right led up the Hill; But on each wing
Two other ways there lay: Yet soon nor late
Neither of those, would bring Men to the Gate.
Christian who Aim'd at still, the surest thing,
He mounts the Hill, first having drunk at Spring.

Then he Sung, who'd cause to weep;
The Hill was so exceeding steep,
O Great Mount! I will not fear
Since the way of Life lyes here.
Should I now waive this strait; Alas!
Worse, for worse, may come to pass.

So he begun to climb, whilst th' other two
Came to the Foot o'th' Mount with small ado:
They both resolv'd, No clambering: Not they;
Where there was two; And either easier way.
Danger, Destruction, so the ways were Nam'd:
One took the first, the last the other claym'd.
The first her chooser led, to *a vast Wood*,
The other hers to a *wild Feild*; where stood

The

The ſimple wretch, on the *dark mountains there*;
Who fell, and Roſe no more, that I could hear.
I after Chriſtian look't, and well I ſaw
Running to going he begun to draw;
Going to clambering, on his Hands and Knees,
So tedious the aſcent, ſo ſteep the' Grees.
About the midſt o'th' Hill an Arbor ſtood,
Made by the Lord o'th' ſoyl; Of Curious Wood,
Twiſted with ſweeteſt Flowrs: Beauty and ſmell,
And theſe refreſh poor Pilgrims rarely well.
Our Chriſtian there much pleas'd, ſits down to reſt;
And forthwith drew his Roll out from his Breſt,
Read with great comfort in't: Alſo Renew'd
His Joy for his fine *Coat*; which then he *View'd*,
View'd, and Review'd: Thus pleas'd himſelf a while,
Till ſlumber came, which ſlily did beguile
Th' unthinking man, lulling him faſt aſleep;
So a cloſe Priſoner did the Chriſtian keep.
During this reſt, poor *Chriſtian* dropt his *Roll*.
Afterwards comes a man who chid him foul;
Saying, *To th'Ant, thou ſluggard*, get thee gone:
With that the *Chriſtian* waked, and went on,
Till to th' Hill top he came, where ſtraight two men,
Call'd *Timerous* and *Miſtruſt*, met him amain.

Chr. Why haſte you thus, my Friends, in the wrong way?

Tim. Miſ. We thought ſo too: but now it's right we ſay:
For further we have gone, more Fear we meet;
Two Lyons lye yon'; in the King's High Street.

Chr. You fright me, Sirs, extreamly! But I find
A Reſolution fortifies my mind,
Still to preſs on, tho dangers be i'th' way:
One foul deſtruction's worſer than all *they*:
And that will be my Countrey's Fate, I know:
With that his *Roll* out he deſign'd to draw.
Into his Boſom then his hand he ſhov'd,
But found, to his ſurprize, it was remov'd.

Sad

Sad man was he, to loſe *an old Relief*,
His *Paſsport*, which he truſted to in chief.
He knew not what to do: At laſt bethought him,
His ſleep i'th' Arbour all that ſorrow wrought:
So back he run in haſte; ſometimes he w
And ſometimes ſigh'd; *Lamenting* much
At laſt the place he reach'd; and on the g
Under th' Seat, the *Roll*, with Joy, he fo
This ſet him lightly up the reſt o'th' Hill:
But behold Night and Darkenneſs did fill
The Firmament before he found the Top:
The ſtory of the Lyons then did drop
Into his mind; ſome fears and terrors roſe
Upon his thoughts: and hugely diſcompoſe
Te *New-pleas'd man*. But as he looked up,
Behind the Hill, he ſaw the Rooff, or Top
Of a great *Palace*, commonly there known
By th' Name of *Beautiful*; All Marble ſtone.
This reviv'd *Chriſtian* ſomething: Then I found
He made good way, and riddance of his ground.
But not far ſhort o'th' *Porter's Lodge* he ſpy'd
Two *Lyons* lie, for ought he knew *unty'd*:
So he began to halt, and look like one
Juſt drawing back; and I do think he'd gone,
Had not Old *Watchful* call'd, who ſtood i'th' Gate,
As *Porter* there, ſaying, Make haſte; it's late;
Fear not the Beaſts; they'r both of them reſtrain'd
From hurt: Come up, I'le warrant thee they'r chain'd
Keep in the very path: Theſe are to try
The Faith of Pilgrims, as they paſs (here) by.
Then on the *Chriſtian* march'd: But trembling, tho,
All as he went; they rang'd and roared ſo.
But he came ſafe to *th' Lodge*; I ſaw him there,
And heard him ſay, Can I have Lodging here?
Yes, ſaid the Porter; Here's an *Alms-houſe* made
By th' Lord o'th' Hill, for men of that ſame Trade
Thou thy ſelf art. The Houſe I ſaw, as fair
As Bethlems, or as Chelſey-Colledge are.

Port.

Port. Whence art thou, friend? what may I call thy Name?
Chr. From *Ruine* (a great Town) thence 'twas I came,
Christian now call'd; once *Graceless*: I'm of them
God will perswade to dwell in Tents of Shem.
Then th' Porter rang a Bell, on which there came
Unto the door a fair and comely Dame,
Called *Discretion*; What's your Name, says she?
(What want you here with us? what would you see?)
To *Christian*; who, on that fair sight surpriz'd,
What for to answer was not well advis'd.
At last, said *Christian*, adding further still,
The house he heard was built by th' *Lord o'th' Hill*,
To *relieve Pilgrims in.* At which she smil'd,
With tears i'th' Eyes; or I was much beguil'd.
Then back she ran, in haste, to call up more:
Three of her sisters, straight, she brought to th' door,
Piety, *Prudence*, *Charity*; All they,
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, did say.
Christian, full glad of this, follow'd the *Train*,
With Tears of Joy; remembring the Pain
And Anguish which his soul had newly scap't;
He could not walk; but as he went, he leapt.
They call'd the *Butler*, Christian being dry,
And bid the *Cook* get Supper speedily.
Mean time, said they, *we'll keep our custom up*,
Improve our time, until the time we sup.
So they begun discourse, demanding how
The Christian came to make so *strange a vow*
As that of Pilgrimage? He Answer made,
Relating all the Accidents he had,
Till that same time. The Ladies then enquir'd,
If he was *marry'd*, or to be desir'd?
Then *Christian* wept, and said, I have a Wife,
And Four small Children, in whom my Life
Was once bound up; yet they, when once I had
Talk't of a Pilgrimage, said, Sir, you'r mad!
Surely you are: you will undo us all.
But I broke from them, and leapt o're the Wall

Then

Then in my Dream I ſaw Supper come up,
Wine well refin'd, in a Rich Golden Cup;
Great Rarities for meat: There might be Kings,
The Board ſo furniſht was with all *fat things*.
The Table-talk was alſo good and fine;
About the Lord o'th' Hill, and things divine:
The Lord's *Atchievements* in his Warlike Acts,
Beſides his Meekneſs, and his humble Tracts;
His victory o'r Death, and him that had
The power of that: which Conqueſt, tho it made
Many deep wounds, and coſt the choiceſt *blood*;
No moving Cauſe, only the Countries good.
Some in the houſe there were, who did report,
Since *Death*, they ſaw him *Live* in's Father's Court;
And heard him ſay, what well we may rely on,
He will not dwell alone i'th' Mount of *Sion*:
That *Pilgrims*, *Princes* there by him are made,
Tho *poor*, or of the moſt Mechanick Trade.
This talk was pleaſant; ſo it held them late:
And then the Chriſtian, thro' a Room of State,
They did conduct, towards his Nights repoſe,
In an *Apartment*; upon which aroſe
The Sun each morning: And 'twas called *Peace*:
There *Chriſtian* ſlept with great delight and eaſe,
Till the next day; where waking, thus he ſung
So loud, I heard him; for the Room e'n Rung.

What am I, Lord!
Now that ſuch Love
Thus from Heaven
To Earth ſhould move,
Towards a poor Pilgrim, in diſtreſs:
In Joy I weep, I muſt confeſs:
But theſe are pleaſant Streams; for here
No woe can wound, and Heaven ſo near.

FINIS.

FINIS.

THE
Pilgrim's Passage,
IN
POESIE.
From the
Palace Beautiful,
TO THE
Meeting with Faithful.

How Beautiful *upon the Mountains are the Feet of him that declareth and* Publisheth Peace! *That declareth good tidings, and publisheth Salvation, saying unto* Sion, *Thy Lord reigneth*, Isa. 52. 7.
Be thou Faithful *unto death, and I will give* thee *the Crown of Life*, 2 Rev. 10.

Ager Scholæ, A. M.

LONDON:
Printed for *R. Baldwin* in *Warwick Lane*, 1698.

To the Unprejudic'd Reader, whoſe Advantages above others are like King Saul, *higher by the Head and Shoulders.*

DWarf Chriſtians ſee but a little way, and therefore like People bred at home, very unskilful in carrying well to others.

The Grand *Blockade*, which thus long hath hinder'd the *Goſpel of Jeſus*, is certainly *Pride* and *Prejudice*; we ſee it now, when Government hath filed off the ſharp Edges of their Teeth who delighted in it. True it is, the whole City, or *all Sions Citizens*, have not been Reſtrain'd; that would have amounted to a cloſe Siege, and things would have appear'd worſe than they are. For now and then, being but a *Blockade*, there Sallies forth a Prophet; either as *Elijah* from the Schools, or as *Amos*, from amongſt the Herdsmen.

Almighty God, would yet never ſuffer a *Siege*, though he has often permitted a *Blockade*, and yet in his good time that alſo hath been removed; a Bleſſing *this* Generation hath cauſe to remember, and be thankful for. In all the Goſpel Days our Forefathers have ſeen, never was there yet a cloſe Siege, but ſome or other have ventur'd forth (*having the Everlaſting Goſpel to Preach*) either on Horſe-back, or on Foot, or both. Either great Scholars, as the moſt *uſeful Biſhop Uſher*, or Men of leſs Learning, yet great Parts, as he whoſe Pen powered forth ſo liberally, the *Pilgrims Progreſs*.

And indeed, we find the Infantry to be as uſeful as the Cavalry in our Chriſtian Warfare; and the Foot have not been ſo diſpiſed by the Horſe, as of late, but mightily applauded, eſpecially in the *Marian Days*, when they received, with ſuch *bravery*, the very *Fire* and *Flames* that fell ſo hotly upon the Church of *England*. More is the ſhame, if in cooler Seaſons they were lookt upon more ſlightly. But the longer and the worſe, in our Days, to the degree of a Contempt then a Silencing, worſe than a prohibition; afterwards, a Perſecution, worſt of all, even a dying in Priſon and Goals *for Religion*.

I would fain believe it to be a miſtaken Zeal, as *Joſhua*'s, my Lord *Moſes* forbid 'em: or as St. *Johns*, *Maſter, they follow us not, ſhall we forbid them.* But both their Maſters taught them better Leſſons, as I hope God is now teaching us by the wonderful Actings of his Providence.

There is ſometimes a Seaſon, wherein the *Field-flower* has the honour to be brought into the *Incloſed Garden*, by ſome Noble or Royal hand; and by that Grace and Favour to be Planted in the Flower Garden of the Palace.

The Compoſer of this *Progreſs*, tho' he was a Flower in the Field, it pleaſed the King to bring him to the Palace, which yet ſmells ſweetly of the *Odours and Perfumes* of that Royal hand which plac'd him there.

I know no more of him than from the *Preſs*, the great and common *Pulpit* of *England*, and that whereby our Lord, and his Apoſtles, do yet ſpeak unto the Churches.

Yet the *Preſs* hath the Advantage of a Voice, as ſounding louder than the Pulpit; beſides, the Benefit of Repetition to Refreſh the Reader's Memory, when he pleaſes.

That ſo many Metaphors, Tropes and Figures, ſhould in ſuch Abundance flow from a Perſon of ſuch mean Education; Is not this a call

call from God to the Learned, to *conſider what they are?* But that you may find all the Fruit (the thing he deſir'd) turn up, as he bids you, his Metaphors, ſearch Induſtriouſly.

In gathering your Strawberies you are not contented only with ſuch as preſent to your Eye, but you will turn up the Leaves alſo; for indeed there often are found the largeſt, and nobleſt Fruit, I mean your own Labour and Improvements in the *Meditation.*

By the Author's Writings, I find moſt of his Readings were in the *Practice of Piety*, little in Controverſie. A healing Man was he, above moſt of his Time, and ſo ſaw further towards *Heaven*; for he liv'd in that fine Proſpect of *Love and Charity.*

And all I ſhall ſay of hot and Bigotted Men (mad for a Party, and againſt all but their own Fancy) is no more but this;

As *Circum*, or Uncircumſion
In Chriſt Jeſus;
So *Con*, or Non-conformity
Doth pleaſe us:
Yet learn thou this,
How tall ſo e'er of Stature,
'Tis neither *Non*, *nor Con* will paſs,
But *a New Creature.*

THE

THE
Pilgrim's Paſſage, &c.

PART II.

After the Chriſtians Sleep, and ſweet Repoſe,
In the fine Chamber which the Ladies Choſe
For his *Delight*, as their moſt welcome *Gueſt*:
After Diſcourſe they told him of the Reſt
Of their great Rarities and Sights; and ſo
He muſt not go, they ſaid, without the *Show*.
And firſt they had him to a *curious Study*,
Well kept from Duſt, and every thing that's muddy.
The *Records* of the Place (I mean) were there
Fairly, and truly drawn, Ingroſt, and were
Moſt ancient *Rolls*, ſpeaking, before the Date
Of any King, Kingdom, or Prince, or State;
Of th' Princes Lineage too, who is always
Son, and ſole Heir, to th' *Ancient of Days*:

Not

Not of the common Extract of Mankind;
Eternal Generation, as I find:
His Great *Atchievments* here Recorded were;
His *Servants Names* too, in their Front and Rear,
Who were his *Liſted Men*, and *Overcame*,
As he had Overcome, bearing his Name.
Their *Honours* and *Preferments* too were ſhown;
Works of their Captains, nothing of their own:
Their Manſions fair and firm; nay, they were ſuch
As *Natures Diſſolution could not touch.*
And then they Read with Zeal and Admiration,
The Deeds of *Noblemen* of his Creation.
Here of an *Earl*, there of a *Marqueſs*, *Duke*,
Of *Matthew*, *Mark*, *St. John*, and of *St. Luke.*
Numberleſs more my Memory will not hold,
Nor any Man's on Earth, I dare be bold
To ſay, and ſtand to't too. Further, their Deeds
So great and famous; thereis no Man Reads
The like in other *Records*: And how they
Wrought *Righteouſneſs* and *Truth* each in their Day,
Obtain'd the Promiſes, ſtopt Lyons Mouths;
Not only older Men, but alſo Youths.
Quencht the fierce Violence of Flaming Fire,
Eſcap't the Sword; when Weak had their Deſire
To become *ſtrong*, *wax'd*, *valiant in Fight*,
And aliens Armies often put to flight.
Another of the Houſe Apartments had,
Other *Records*, would make the ſad leſt glad;
Showing the free, ready, ſpontaneous Grace
Of him who is chief Owner of the Place;
Taking into his Favour each Offender,
Who's willing to ſubmit, and to ſurrender

Himſelf

Himſelf up to him; tho that many a Scorn,
Affronts, Reproaches, that ſame *Prince* had borne
From ſuch a *daring Worm*, that often us'd
To cauſe both him, and his juſt Laws abus'd.
Many more things had I but Time to ſhew,
Whereof the *Chriſtian* had full Sight and View,
Modern and Antient both: As *Propheſie*,
Predictions too, that in Aſſurance lye,
To the great Terror of *Avowed Foes*,
But to the Joy of *Friends*, and ſuch as thoſe,
Who truly *Pilgrims* are; ſans Fraud or Guile,
Having their Eyes on *Sion* all the while.
Next day came on, and then he had the Shew
Of a vaſt *Armory*, all Bright and New;
Fit for all ſorts of Men, whether they be
Greater or leſs, or middle-ſiz'd, as me:
Swords, Shields, & Breaſtplates, Helmets, and all ſorts
Of Armour for the *Wars*, not for the *Sports*.
All *Prayer* to fix them on; and ſhooes each Pair,
Even *Everlaſting*, none of 'em would wear:
As many as would fit out for the Wars
All Men on Earth; were they as thick as Stars.
They ſhow'd him alſo *Engines*, made for Kings
And Valiant Men; which had done mighty Things
In thoſe brave Hands, that always truly ſerves
Their Maſter, * *In Main Battles, or Reſerves.*
They ſhew'd him *Moſes Rod, Hammer and Nail*,
By which Great *Siſera* was ſlain by *Jael.*
They ſhew'd the *Pitchers, Trumpets* too, and *Lamps*,
That ſo Confounded all the *Midian* Camps.

* Loſs leſs or more.

They ſhew'd him alſo *Shamgar's* God-like Goad,
That gently *drove the Oxen* in the Road;
Yet ſlew Six Hundred Enemies of God:
The *Aſſe's Jaw bone* too, which yet relates
Enraged *Sampſon's* mighty Deeds and Feats.
They ſhow'd him *David's Sling*, which Scripture ſaith,
Brought down, and ſlew the *Philiſtim of Gath.*
As Type and Shade of that deſtroying Sword,
Which was to be; now drawing for the Lord,
Againſt Great Antichriſt: *not that at* Rome
Only; But that moſt Chriſtians keep at Home,
Pride, Luſt, Revenge, Unmercifulneſs too,
Envy, Diſdain, Sloathfulneſs, nought to do,
Hooking all to themſelves: Running o'th' Score
With Wrath and Vengeance; not ſtep out o'th' Door
For others ſakes: But raiſing their Eſtate:
To do for others is a thing they hate.
Theſe God will ſoon deſtroy, even at the Day
Almighty Power doth riſe up to the Prey.
Here's the firſt Step, Compelling Wars to ceaſe,
And the Blood-thirſty *to accept of* Peace.
Alas! that yet thoſe Chriſtians are ſo Thin,
Who Wiſh a Purging from their Droſs and Tin.
With many more, the Chriſtians Eyes were Bleſt:
Hugely delighted, went again to Reſt.
Then in my Dream I ſaw, that the *next day*
Chriſtian deſigning further on his way;
The Ladies would not yield *Chriſtian* ſhould go,
Until the *next again*; when they would ſhow
The *Mountains of Delight* for *Chriſtians* Joy;
This World compar'd with which is but a Toy,

Tho

Tho on this ſide of the *Celeſtial Gate*,
Nearer to Heaven *much*, than where they ſate:
So he conſented for another Night,
His Lodgings were ſo *furniſh'd* with Delight.
Morning being up, the *Chriſtian* was deſir'd
To walk to th' Top o'th' Houſe *he ſo admir'd*:
And being there, they bid him look to th' *South*;
Which done, before he opened his Mouth,
He ſaw a *Land of Mountians*, lin'd with *Woods*,
Pure Chryſtal Rivers, and the cleareſt Floods,
Vineyards and Oliveyards, and Fruits great ſtore,
Flow'rs, and *ſuch Greens*, he never ſaw before;
But at great diſtance tho, He ask'd the Name,
Saying, Is this *Emanuels Land?* The ſame,
Reply'd the Ladies, *Fine* it is; yet ſtill,
For *Pilgrims* it's as common as this *Hill*:
There once arriv'd, be't early, or be't late,
Thence thou may'ſt ſee unto the very Gate
Of the *Celeſtial City*; with ſome State
Of thoſe unknown Enjoyments; 'twill appear
By the *Proſpectives* of the *Shepherds* there.
Now he bethought himſelf of ſetting forth,
And they were willing; yet to part were loath.
But firſt ſaid they, let us return again
Into the *Armoury*; and we'll explain
Things there we overpaſt; ſo he agreed,
And they ſaid, *Chriſtian*! we find there's need
To arm thee well; thy way is thro the Throng
Of Dangers and Aſſaults, tho thou be ſtrong,
And well reſolv'd: And ſo they harneſs'd him,
All *Cap-a-pe*, that he was ſhining Trim.
Like thoſe in Cheapſide, *when the King came in*,

All Brave and Glittering. And thus furniſh'd out,
Appear'd a Man, Couragious, Bold, and Stout.
Forth of the Gates, with Friends, he makes his ſally,
Asking the Porter if he ſaw no *Allie*,
Or Friend paſſing that way ſaid th' Porter, *Yes*;
I ſaw a *Pilgrim* paſſing by, who is
Not far before: One *Faithful*, and he's now
Below the *Hill* Said *Chriſtian*, him I know;
He is my *Townſman*, and a good one too,
Such as would make the Lawyers leſs to do:
Porter! Farewell; and Gods Peace be with you;
And to your Bleſſings add with great Increaſe,
For Kindneſs ſhow'd me in this *Place of Peace.*
Then went the *Chriſtian* on, being forc'd to take
The Civil Offers, the four Ladies make.
Of going with him to the Foot o'th' *Hill.*
Then ſaid the *Chriſtian*, as 'twas very ill,
Climbing this *Mount*; ſo is the Danger Great,
Of falling down the ſame. Yes, I will ſay't,
Said *Prudence*; for it is the hardeſt Faſhion,
To ſtoop unto the Vale *Humiliation*,
And catch no ſlip at all throughout the way,
None ever did it but our Lord we ſay;
Therefore we came with thee thus far to day.
But learn this Leſſon, brought me *from afar*,
Fire flames moſt upwards, blown at *Loweſt* Bar.
Blow high, and down to *Earth* the Flame will flow,
But low, and then to *Heaven* it will go:
So *Chriſtian* enter'd the *Deſcent* o'th' *Hill*,
And very warely; for all that ſtill
He catch'd a ſlip or two, as the beſt Man
Beſides *the Lord*, muſt do, do beſt he can.

Then

Then in my Dream I ſaw theſe *Conſorts* fair
Give *Chriſtian* Bread and Wine, (bid him beware)
Cluſters of Rayſins too, that he might feed
On thoſe *Refreſhments*, in a time of need.
And *Chriſtian*'s Task was hard; in the dark Vale,
Humiliation, where *Land-Fruits* do fail:
For far he had not gone, but there appear'd
A Helliſh *Fiend*, who Ranted, Roar'd, and Tear'd;
Raking acroſs the Field, in a fierce Frame:
And as it prov'd, *Apollion* his Name.
Then *Chriſtian* was afraid, caſting in's Mind
What Entertainment he was like to find.
He knew not what to do; at length he found
Beſt *Chriſtian Courage* was to ſtand his Ground,
And not to fly at all: Good Soldier be,
Reſiſt, ſaid *Chriſtian*, and the *Fiend* will flee.
But then thought *Chriſtian*, Armour I do lack
In one place; ſo the *Fiend* may hit my Back:
But then again, thought he, the Combate's near,
If I turn back, he'll ſhoot me in the Rear;
Therefore I'll venture: If there was no more
Than *Bare Life* concern'd, I'll turn the Door
Of ſuch a *Blood-ſucker*, who never knew,
To give fair *Quarter*, where he could ſubdue.
Thus he went on with *Bravery*, and ſo
The *Fiend* of Courage made as fair a Show;
Marching as boldly up; and on full View,
A Warlike *Fiend*! *to give the Devil his Due.*
He came with ſuch *Reproach*, *Contempt*, and *Wrath*,
(As did *Goliah*, *Philiſtime* of *Gath*,
Againſt young *David*, with his Scrip and Sling)
Looking upon him as the meaneſt thing;

Cloathed

Cloathed with *Scales* like Fiſh or Crocodile,
Belching his hideous Roarings all the while,
Wing'd like a *Dragon*, footed like a *Bear*,
His Belly fill'd with *Fire*, and *Smoak*, and *Air*.
He had a Lyons Mouth, with which he ſpake
Terrible Words; and thus the Queſtion make:
Whence come you, ho! and whether are you bound?
Chr. From the *Deſtructive Town* (a wicked Place)
To *Sions City:* that Sir, ends my Race.
Apo. Thou art my ſubject then; for *All* that *Region*
Belongs to me, and (under me) my *Legion:*
I am the *God*; why runn'ſt thou from thy King?
Were't not for Service I expect; the String
Of this thy worthleſs Life, ſhould ſoon be cut,
And in my *Stygian* Lake thy Soul be put.
Chr. 'Tis true, 'tis true, that I poor Wretch was born
In your Dominions, yet I think it ſcorn
To ſerve you as a Maſter; ſo unjuſt,
No word you ſpeak, that any Man can truſt.
I find your Service hard, and Wages ſmall,
You give whole Heapes of Riches; but then all
Soon vaniſheth away, as Compounds made
Of Wind and Air, and ſuch like empty Trade,
All Spurious and Baſe; no Man can live
On any part, at all, of what you give:
I know enough for that; the Scripture ſaith,
Wages of *Sin* is always paid in *Wrath.*
Therefore, when I was once come to my Age,
And look'd about, I found much better Wage,
Was to be had: And now, I have a Lord
Pays more than due; ſo better than his word.

Apo. What Prince is there, that's able to endure
Loſs of his Subjects: nor will I, beſure.
Thee I'll not looſe, tho thou complaineſt ſo,
Turn back again; come, be content to go:
I'll give thee any thing the Country yeilds,
Whole Towns I'll give thee, with the largeſt Fields.
Chr. But I have left my ſelf unto the King
Of Kings, and Princes; would it look a thing
Any ways fair to turn? the World would ring.
Apol. What thou haſt done ſuits with the ſpeaking Rule;
A bad one for a worſe, Chair for a Stool;
So thou proclaims thy ſelf an errant Fool.
But this I know is common Cuſtom yet
For *Great Profeſſors* afterwards to fret,
And be uneaſie; how about they whip
Coming to me! Thus give the Lord the ſlip.
Do thou ſo too, and all things ſhall be well;
Chr. I gave to him my Faith: I cannot tell
How to go back: Beſides, I ſwore it too;
I'll ne'er revolt, and hang as Traytors do.
Apol. Thou did'ſt the ſame, the very ſame, to me,
And yet I'm willing to paſs by, you ſee;
Turn home, *my Boy, and a true Subject be.*
Chr. My Promiſe which thou claim'ſt, when Non-Age ſway'd,
I'm well advis'd ought never to be made
An Obligation: For poor Minors ſo,
The Law protects, (they know not what they do)
Beſides, the Prince (whoſe Servant now I am)
Was Man's chief Lord; before Man ever came

Under

Under your Slaviſh Yoak, cruſhing Commands)
He will *Abſolve* me, for his ſake that ſtands
At his Right Hand, from all Engagements made
To you, or any of your Damned Trade:
Roaring about, ſeeking out to devour
Like Lyons, tearing all within your Power.
Again, to ſpeak the Truth, I ſo admire
My Maſters *Gentleneſs*; I ſtill aſpire
To ſerve him here, and in the upper Quire.
His Court, nay, * *Country Servants* are more fine
Than all thoſe Empires, which thou calleſt Thine.
Therefore forbear! forbear thou tempting Fiend!
I am, and ever ſhall be of this Mind.

Of whom the World is not worthy.

Ap. Come, come, and cool thy Blood, *a little, Friend!*
Conſider what thou'lt meet with in the end:
Thou know'ſt how all his Servants fare at laſt
For leaving me; they're hang'd, or burnt, or caſt;
From Dreadful Precipes to Raging Waves,
Forc'd from their *Homes*, and driven into Caves.
How many have been brought to ſhameful Death?
And yet ſay'ſt thou, *he better Service hath?*
Nor ever yet, I know, can it be ſhown,
To ſave a Man he ever left his Throne:
But there he'll ſit, let them do what they can.
Who ſerves ſuch Maſters, ſure is a mad Man:
But for my ſelf, *ſans Vanity*, I ſpeak,
From ſtrongeſt Pow'rs I reſcu'd have the weak,
All the World knows; either by Force or Fraud,
I have Reſtor'd the Baniſh'd and Out-law'd:
And ſo I will do thee, if thou as they,
Will be my Servant, and accept my Pay.

Chr.

Chr. His ſtay's not ſlackneſs, as ſome Men do deem,
It is to try the Love and the Eſteem
We have for him; whether we keep our Hold:
Warm for our Maſter's Honour, or be cold.
For the ſad Ends (you mention) that ſome meet,
It's *Glorious* unto them, who ſtand by ſee't;
They'r reaching at their Glory with ſuch Zeal,
Sometimes they neither feel a woe, nor weal
Of thoſe Corporeal Treats, having in view
Their Prince's Liveries, all Rich, all New,
When in his Glory, and his Angels too,
He comes to perfect what He ſaid hee'd do.

Apol. Perfidious thou haſt been to him I know,
And thou knoweſt too; *I have it here to ſhow*;
Expect from *Him*, thou Worm, Impudent thou!
Wages for Treaſon; O thou brazen Brow!

Chr. Wherein, *Apollion*, have I broke my Faith.

Apol. At ſetting out, as thy own Journal ſaith.
Was thou not almoſt choaked as thou lay
I'th Gulph of Diſpond, a good part o'th Day?
Didſt thou not take bad ways to quit thy Load,
Thou ought'ſt have ſtaid its taking off by God?
Didſt thou not ſleep, and loſe thy choiceſt thing,
Almoſt perſuaded back, and leave thy King,
When Lyons roar'd, altho' thou ſaw them chain'd,
Thy Zeal then for thy Prince; was it not feign'd;
And thou vain-glorious, *Chriſtian* falſely Nam'd.

Chr. All this is true, and much more you left out,
Which I could tell, ſhould I but go about
To charge my ſelf; yet alway to theſe ends,
Foes are not Confeſſors, but our beſt Friends.

The Prince, he's ever ready to forgive,
All done, when I, unhappy I did live
In thy *curſt Countrey*; there I ſuckt them in;
But I have groan'd under that load of Sin,
And a true Penitent, *I'm ſure*, have been.
Apol. I am an Enemy unto thy Prince,
From *firſt departing* from him, *ever ſince.*
I hate his Perſon, People, and his Laws,
To ſtop thee I am come; and that's the Cauſe.
Chr. Apollion! be careful how you act,
I'm in the King's *High Way*; and this ſame Tract
Is the right Road of *Holineſs*; take heed,
My Prince ſhall know *each Word*: He ſhall indeed.
Apollion then ſtraddled a croſs the way;
How now, Sir Pilgrim, what is that you ſay?
Thundering he ſpoke from his Voracious Jaws,
Thee I defie, and all thy Prince's Laws;
This way is mine; the World, and deep Abyſs,
From *Zenith* to the *Nadir*, nothing's his.
I am all void of fear; this Air is mine;
No more I'll ſuffer that vile Breath of thine,
Thou Rebel to my State, prepare to dye;
I Swear by all my Regions low and high,
By my Infernal Denn, and thoſe black Shades
Quartering my Furious Troops, whom none Invades.
By my fell Wilderneſs, deep Rocks and Caves,
That ſwallows all things, and no Morſel leaves;
Where Souls of Men, and highly damned Spirits,
By grant from me alone, this Time inherits;
I'll dart thy *Spider-Spirit* to the Moon,
Which *to* and *throw* the Earth ſhall ſink as ſoon.

By all my upper Regions too I Swear,
By Lightnings and by Thunders that are there,
My Stores and Magazines, thy Life I'll ſpill,
Now Caitif Wretch come on; I will, I will.
With that he threw a Flaming Dart all Steel'd:
But Chriſtian caught it nimbly with his Shield.
Then Chriſtian drew; high time it was to cloſe,
When ſuch envenom'd Words were ſhod with blows.
Apollyon charg'd him both with *Head* and *Tail*;
Beſides he threw his Darts as thick as Hail:
All *Chriſtian* ſhielded off; ſave on the head,
His Hand, and Foot, the Fiend ſome *Wounds* had made.
Chriſtian drew back, the Fiend purſu'd amain,
Yet the brave *Chriſtian*, Courage took again;
Reſiſted manfully, fought it out ſo,
As if he had received ne'er a blow.
Full half a Day they kept within the Liſts;
When Weapons fail'd, I thought they'd go to Fiſts.
Chriſtian grew weak with Wounds, yet ſtill laid on,
Tho' *Strength* did fail, *his Courage was not gone.*
The *Fiend* grew weary of him, ſo drew nigh;
And cloſing with him, threw him deſperately,
With will, and rage, enough. Come, Vermin, how
Lik'ſt thou this Trick? I'm ſure I have thee now.
With that he ſqueez'd him ſo, he look'd for Death,
Poor Chriſtian was juſt parting with his Breath,
Full of deſpair: But even as God would have it,
The Chriſtian ſaw his hit, and ſmartly gave it;
Juſt as *Apollyon* fetch'd up his laſt blow,
The Chriſtian's hand met with his Sword, and ſo
Glad of ſuch hap, he gave a Mortal Thruſt,
Saying, *Rejoyce not Fiend! for Him I truſt*

Aſſures me this, That when I fall, I riſe.
So '*Pollyon* fled, and quite gave up the Prize:
Nay then, ſaid Chriſtian (Chriſt marching before)
In all theſe things we're Conquerors, and more.
With that *Apollyon* ſpread his dreadful Sales,
Hoiſting his Wings, he wafted over *Wales*
Into the *Weſtern* Sea; that vaſt Abyſs;
So Chriſtian heard no more of him nor his.
Who fights a Chriſtian fights his Lord in fine,
Thus Satan goes to Market with his Swine.
Had you but ſeen, as I, this Battle fought,
That *Heaven* and *Hell* were ſiding you'd have thought
On one hand and the other: But the *Fiend*
Such Roars, and yelling made, as that he ſeem'd
To force up (with his pumping) from below
The very Lungs of thoſe black Guards; and blow
All into Chriſtians face, his Poyſonous Breath;
But Chriſtian fought as not afraid of Death.
Heav'n Reinforc'd him oft, with freſh ſupplies;
Yet ſtill I heard many deep Groans and Cries:
If any Air in's face I'm much beguil'd,
'Till th' Fiend was *ſtabb'd*, then he lookt up and *ſmil'd*.
So high his Joy, he could not hold his Tongue,
But thus burſt out, with Rapture into Song.

Great Beelzebub,
Captain of the Infernal Club,
Deſign'd my fall:
He ſent this Fiend,
With Helliſh Force, and bloody Mind,
To take my All.

Bleſs'd.

Bleſs'd Michael,
Yet from above did help me well,
With Two edg'd Sword.
(By Dint of which,
I foil'd the fawning fighting Witch,
And kept my Word.)
To Him my Praiſe,
This Time and ever I will raiſe,
Who is my Lord.

To *Chriſtian* then, a Hand forth-with there came
From Him *whoſe Name is above every Name,*
Bringing ſome Leaves from off *the Tree of Life,*
And they afforded *Chriſtian* great Relief,
For Curing of his Wounds; beyond Belief.
All on a ſuddain, ſo it did avail:
No Operation; only touch and heal.
Then thought the *Chriſtian*, this ſame *Bread and Wine,*
Muſt needs be *Cordial*, at ſo *faint* a Time.
So he ſate down; and the ſame *very ſpot*
Became *Refreſhing*, though before *ſo hot*:
The *Chriſtian* pleaſed well with theſe Careſſes,
To further *Progreſs-work* himſelf Addreſſes;
With drawn Sword in his Hand; its good to fear,
Saith he; for other Dangers may be near.
Apollyon tho' ſhew'd neither *Head* nor *Tail*
In all the way, as Chriſtian paſt the Vale.
Now at this Valleys end, there prov'd one more,
Each Foot of which Chriſtian muſt ſtride, before
The City can be gain'd, the way to which,
Lies by the Skirts of a fowl rotten *Ditch*.

This

This *Ditch* i'th' Vale, muſt needs be ſad; and ſo
Becauſe Men wade up to Chin in Woe;
A Deſert, Wilderneſs, a Land of Pits,
Of Drought, and Shades of Death, which each one *hits*
And can't miſs; where none but Chriſtians paſs,
And yet where others can't dwell, Alas!
They would be glad, wer't ſo; even ſuch as cry
For Rocks to hide them, from the Judges Eye.
Here Chriſtian was put to't ſadly I find;
For no *Back-door* was here, no Turn or Wind,
For any one to 'ſcape: If that could be
Great Men to *Death* would give a *Noble Fee*;
Doors made of *Gold* and *Pearl*, we might ſee.
Put to't the Chriſtian was worſer by ha'f:
From '*Pollyons* Duel he was come off ſafe;
But this Ingagement in the Vale of Death,
(After you'l hear) juſt ſtopt the Chriſtians Breath,
When on the Borders of the Shades of Death:
Two of the Children of the Sons of *Heth*,
Or *Iſraelites* like them; or thoſe that brought
An ill Report of a good Land; for nought
But their meer Cowardiſe, a frighted thought
Chriſtian muſt be o'erthrown (ſuch was their haſt)
This I obſerved in my Dream: At laſt,
Chriſtian ſaid Men, what's matter? whither now?
Men. Back! back again! tho' you have made a Vow)
This way's not paſſable: we went as far
As you, or any Chriſtian will, or dare;
Almoſt paſt coming back: ſome further views,
Wee'd not been here to ſpeak, or bring the News.
Chr. What have you met with then? you pant for Breath!
Men. When we can ſpeak we will: O *Death*! *Death*! *Death*! We

We ſaw its Shades come on: Well, we did look
Before us, or we'd certainly been took:
Chr. But what! But what is it you ſaw? Pray ſpeak.
Men. We ſaw the *Light*, even into *Darkneſs* break,
As here our *Night* to *Day.* The Vale we ſaw
Condens'd with Cold, without one Blaſt of Thaw;
A Chaos of Confuſion,—— dark as Pitch;
Saving the *Moving Quagg, and Rotten Ditch.*
Satyrs, Hobgoblins, Dragons of the Pit
Nothing that's pleaſant did we ſee in it:
Yelling, and Howling of a Peoples Woe,
All Chains, and Fetters, from the Head to Toe.
So they were bound in *Irons of Affliction,*
Writ on their Head; theſe ſtifled Conviction!
Clouds of Confuſion hanging o're the *Vale*;
In Diſparation (without Hopes) no Tale.
Of Goal-Delivery. Deaths Dreadful Wings
Spread over it, its Furniture and things.
Bitter enough it is; ſee by our Haſt!
Who can avoid it, ne'er will wiſh to taſte.
Chr. I can't ſee, by all you ſay, but this,
My very way unto my Haven is.
Men. Be it thy way; thou ſhalt not chooſe for us.
So *Chriſtian* left them, and they parted thus.
He on with his drawn Sword, leſt ſome Aſſaults
Should meet him in thoſe dark and gloomy Vaults.
I ſaw then in my Dream, along the Vale:
But every thing I ſaw was wan and pale.
A narrow Tract for Pilgrims; there I found
Upon both Sides, Boggy and Filthy Ground.
Upon the Right Hand there was a *Deep Ditch*,
Deeper than I could ſound; And into which

It

It hath appear'd, that *in all Ages paſt,*
The Blind have lead, and brought the Blind at laſt.
Then on the Left Hand was a deſperate Quagg;
The common Cage and Stocks for every *Bragg.*
Good Men if they fall in, they cannot find
A Bottom, either for their Foot or Mind.
King *David* here was catch'd; and here had ſtay'd,
Had not Help come, and Strength, becauſe he pray'd.
The *Chriſtians* Paſs through here was very nice,
Narrow and ſtrait; even like a Throw at Dice.
Whether the *Chriſtian* paſt, or he fell in,
No Man could tell which of the Sides would win.
(As on *Bridge-battlement* that Boys go o're,
Poiſing with Arms, leaning ſometimes before,
Backwards again, juſt falling every ſtep)
To fall i'th' Bogg, or in the Ditch to ſlip;
Was *Chriſtians* Caſe: He knew not what to think,
Were't not for Hope; he found his Heart would ſink.
Two equal Dangers thus, on either Hand,
Makes it moſt plain, *Chriſtian* had great Command
Over his Paſſions; frequently we find,
If Men 'ſcape one, yet of another kind
They meet as bad; to 'ſcape one make a Pother,
And then unwarily caught with another:
Yet went our *Chriſtian* on, but oft I heard
Many a bitter Sigh: For tho he ſteer'd
With Boldneſs, and with Chriſtian Caution too,
Yet 'twas ſo dark, he knew not what to do:
When he lift up a Foot, offering to go,
He knew not where to ſet a Heel or Toe,
Without an Aſſurance that the Place was firm:
Worſe than a Child that hath its Steps to learn.

I

I ſaw in midſt o'th' Vale the Mouth of Hell,
You may be ſure now *Chriſtian* knew not well
What courſe to take (juſt in the Highway ſide)
Chriſtian concluded he could ne'er abide
The Flame and Smoak; the Sparks, and *All Hell-Voices*,
Beſides the Swearing, Curſing, Dreadful *Devil Noices*.
Theſe, like *Apollyon*, car'd not for his Sword,
By *Wrath*, they being there thus ſtow'd and ſtor'd.
So preſently the *Chriſtian* took a Care
For fitter Weapons; and it was *All Prayer*,
That taken out o'th' Royal Prophets *Roll*,
Deliver I beſeech thee, Lord, my Soul!
Thus a long way he went; the furious Flames,
Towards the *poor Chriſtian*, reaching out their Streams.
The Damned Voices too, like Thunder came
With mighty Ruſhings, that I cannot name.
He look'd ſtill to be torn; or under Feet
Straight to be trodden, like the Dirt i'th' Street.
For ſeveral Miles this held; great Grief came on him,
He thought a Knot of Fiends were juſt upon him:
Therefore he ſtop'd, as Cogitating how
He might go back, though he did break his Vow;
But then thought he, I'm half way over ſure,
Chriſtian! one other Bruſh, thou ſhalt endure,
Softly to 'mſelf he ſpoke; beſides the Danger
Of going back is great to any Stranger.
So on the *Chriſtian* went, altho the *Fiends*
Were Roaring on him, at all Sides and Ends;
They drawing nearer ſtill: I'll ſtand the Clod,
Crys the good *Chriſtian*, *By the Grace of God.*

Him I confide in wholly, by whoſe Strength
I'm ſure I ſhall be Conqueror at length.
Finding ſuch Bravery in a *Chriſtian Faith*,
The Fiends fell back, as fearing *Deeper Wrath:*
If ſuch a Spirit be i'th' Chriſtian Field,
The next Campaign, both *Turk* and *Tartar* yield.
One thing I would not ſlip, in *Chriſtians* Caſe,
An *Overſpreading* Paleneſs in his Face,
I here obſerv'd; it was not in his Choice,
(Though to a very Friend) to Raiſe his Voice.
So weak it was, ſo quivering, ſtrange, ſo New,
That his own Speech, he ſcarcely own'd, or knew.
Over againſt the Mouth o'th' *Burning Pit*,
Juſt as he came, and was but viewing it,
One of thoſe wicked Ones *moſt ſlyly* came
Behind, and mov'd the Chriſtian to *Blaſpheme:*
So ſoft he whiſper'd it, with *Female Voice*,
Chriſtian did think it was his own *Free Choice*;
And Product of his Mind; ſo this was more
Grievous to *Chriſtian* than what went before:
(Of all his Troubles, Tryals and Deluſion)
Threw him into the Deep of all Confuſion:
To think a Thought ſhould enter to Blaſpheme
That Sacred, Heavenly, Bleſſed, Gracious Name
Of one he lov'd (better than Father, Mother,
And all that are in this World, or the other)
And yet he found no ſuch a Thought muſt be,
Could he have help'd it: But he could not ſee
Nor uſe *Diſcretion* then, to ſtop his Ear,
Nor underſtand the Devil himſelf was there;
In deep Diſtreſs of Mind *Chriſtian* march'd on,
Full of black Thoughts: No Conſolation,

Till

Till almoſt at the End of this dark Vale,
And then he heard a Voice like a ſweet Gale,
Or moſt Refreſhing Breeze; The Voice of Man,
(Which chang'd the Countenance of *Chriſtian*)
In theſe or ſuch like words. *Tho I walk thro*
The Valley of Deaths Shades: I come unto
No Hurt or Evil; *neither will I fear,*
For where I am, there will my Lord appear.
Then he was glad (indeed he had good Reaſon,
For theſe Refreſhments juſt came in *their* Seaſon)
And he conſider'd too, tho dark and late,
Yet God was with him in that very State:
And why not with me, tho I'm *wild and rave*?
Will he not raiſe me from the very Grave?
There he is with me then: And why not here
In midſt of theſe Obſtructions that appear.
Tho I don't ſee him, there's no place ſhuts out,
His Omnipreſence: *Here* I make no doubt.
Chriſtian again was glad, having ſome Hope,
(Tho then alone, and forc'd to try and Grope,
Throughout ſo dark a Vale) that he might meet
Some Company, to make the way more ſweet:
So he put on, calling to him before,
Who anſwer'd not, thinking there was no more
Beſides himſelf: Afterwards, by and by
The Day did break, and *Chriſtian* ſaw the Skie;
Then did his Heart rejoyce: his Maſters Praiſe
Loudly he ſung, as high as Voice would raiſe.
How Glorious art thou, Lord! the *All-Adorning*!
Thon turn'ſt the Shades of Death into the Morning.
Morning now come, *Chriſtians* Eye turn'd, and back't,
Not with Returning Thoughts, or wiſh to act

Again thoſe Tragedies he had come thro,
But by his preſent Light he muſt ſee how
He paſſed the dark Vale; and then more plain,
The Quag, the Ditch, the Narrow Paſs: Again,
The Satyrs, Dragons, Hobgoblins, and Pit,
But all remote far off him: There was it;
Or elſe no pleaſing Proſpect could have been;
For after break of Day they were not ſeen
To *Chriſtian* any more, ſo near at Hand.
Here *Chriſtian* paus'd awhile, and made a Stand,
Raiſing his Heart, ſaid with uplifted Eyes,
I ſee thy Love, Lord! in the ſmiling Skies.
Deep things out of the Dark thou doeſt diſcover,
In Light (from Death) thou makeſt Joy all over.
The *Chriſtian* reſcu'd from theſe Dangers, made him
A well-pleaſed Man; which here the longer *ſtaid him.*
Dangers lay hid in Fears before, but now
Thus overpaſt, were clearer to the Show,
By help of Day-light. Now about this time
The Sun was riſing, and begun to ſhine:
Another Mercy, *Chriſtian* had, 'come In
A weary Pilgrimage, *A State of Sin.*
For we muſt note, the firſt part of the Vale
Was full of Dangers, yet the End and Tail
Was worſer ſtill (if worſer there could be)
For from the Place he ſtood in, I did ſee
The Valleys end: The way all lyn'd with Dangers,
Ginns, Nets, Traps, Snares; all *dreadful unto Strangers,*
If they foreſee; and Holes with Shelvings down,
Great Pits, and Pitfalls, far from any Town.

Here

Here, as i'th' firſt part, Throngs of Dangers lay:
Had he a thouſand *Souls*, all's caſt away
In all Appearance. But as I did ſay,
The Sun was Riſing on this part o'th' Globe;
Then *Chriſtian* call'd to mind the Words of *Job.*
Upon my Head his Candle ſhines, whoſe Light
Guides me thro Darkneſs, in the Blackeſt Night.
And in this very Light the Chriſtian came
Unto the End o'th' Vale; where th' Loſs & Shame
Of many Pilgrims ſtood; there *Blood* and *Bones*,
And *Mingled Bodies* (were inſtead of Stones,
Showing ſome great Diſaſter in Highways)
There whilſt I ſtood to wonder, and to gaze
Not far before me I eſpy'd a Cave,
Therein two *Gyants*, like two Saints: but Brave.
(None of the *Minor Prophets*, as it ſeem'd,
Who for great Men I never heard eſteem'd)
As far as I could learn from any Man;
The *Pope* from *Rome*, the *Mufty* from *Divan*,
Theſe Gyants were. What *Prodigies* are here,
Cry'd I allow'd? What *Chriſtian* dare come near?
Now I perceive the Cauſe, why Blood and Bones,
Aſhes of *Pilgrims*, lie thus Thick, like Stones.
I cry'd ſo loud, I made the *Chriſtian* hear;
I fancy'd in my Dream: *Chriſtian*! what's here
I cry'd again. Now you muſt know I thought
My ſelf to be a *Pilgrim*, and ſo brought
By the amazing Wonders of my Days:
Strange Revolutions put me in a Maze,
And Dreaming Frame. So *Chriſtian* anſwer'd thus;
Great Men are near you ſee: it's not for us

To venture a Diſcourſe under their Eye;
But turn aſide, and we may talk by th' By,
Under the *Roſe*; a Flower I much admire,
Where we'll ſpeak freely as we both deſire.
So I agreed; He brought me to a Glade;
After a *Covert*, which *Dame Nature* made,
Twiſted by her own *Fingers* into Shade.
She alſo planted there the ſweeteſt Flowers,
As uſually do wind about your Bowers:
Taking to th' Eye, and Pleaſing to the Smell;
I muſt confeſs, I lik'd it, hugely well:
Yet *Chriſtian* Company was ſtill more ſweet,
A Book he had; and Heaven in ev'ry Sheet.
Such was his Talk; and whatſoe'er befel,
Thro all his Troubles, had *Improv'd* him well.
I need not urge Diſcourſe, for he was free.
Hear all that paſt then, betwixt him and me!

Chr. What Country, Sir, I pray? but I'm too bold.
Nay, ſaid I, *Chriſtian*! Never did I hold
Such an Opinion. 'Tis our *Engliſh* Uſe,
To give Men leave to ſpeak in their own Houſe:
And this I muſt call yours, no others claim,
Should I ſay otherwiſe I'm much to blame.

Chr. My Queſtion you have Anſwer'd by the way
An *Engliſh* Man I think you are, you ſay;
I'm glad of that: Then ſurely there's ſome Blood:
Betwixt us, tho there alſo be a Flood,
And many Leagues of Sea. I'm of a Nation,
Call'd *Saxony*, and thus I claim Relation

And

And Kindred to you, Sir! beſides our Kings,
Both draw their Streams from the *Sound Saxon* Springs.
'Tis true, ſaid I; but yours is none o'th' Kings.

Chr. No, not in *Saxony*; but *Poland* Rings;
Nay, the whole *Chriſtian World:* All do rejoyce
In every Kingdom, for that *Chriſtian Choice.*
They'd like to had a *T——rk*, I have been told,
Chriſtians are mad, thought I, if that News hold.
But now, all round, the Princes ſing and dance,
Unleſs it be in *T——ky*, and in *F——nce.*
The News, ſaid I, indeed's both good and ſtrange,
That in the World there's ſuch a *Chriſtian Change.*
God teaches *Monarchs*; nay, one Prince knows, now,
O're differing Judgments he can *Reign*; and how
All is not *Goſpel*, ſpoken by all Preachers;
Iſrael had Kings *ſome* wiſer than their Teachers.
Prieſts, ſuch as theſe from *Rome*, and the *Divan*,
With Kings are peremptory; as they can
Prophets and Prieſts both teach: Prieſts peremptory! Why?
Their *Rome Revenues* raiſes 'em ſo high.
'Tis true, ſaid I; but this has a *Harſh* Sound,
Your Prince I find quite leaves his former Ground.
Nay, he *Abjures* it too, as I hear ſay;
That I confeſs with me, goes a great way.

Chr. What Means *Abjure* think you? I'll tell you mine,
It's that he will not *Burn*, *Sequeſter*, *Fine*;

Prieſts

Prieſts laid *Impoſition* upon great Men.!!
O may not this come on the Church again!
Heady, High-minded, Proud, (ſearch, and you'll find)
Juſt hating Fellow-Creatures, and Mankind;
Only for *differing Modes,* in Spiritual things,
Where *Prieſts* themſelves are Strangers: why not Kings?
Our *King* commands, with *Love, Old* and *Reformd.*
Did *F——nce* do well when ſhe ſo ſtamp'd and ſtorm'd?
What Miſchief breeds her Univerſal Thought?
All in her Hands, and not Religion brought?
Why not one Stream within the Gallick Bounds?
Omnipotence gain-ſaid? How mad it ſounds?
Thus ſhe blew up her Bladder of Vain-Glory;
One Prick of Providence yet ſpoil'd the Story,
(So curiouſly compos'd of *Words* and *Art,*
Wherein to th' *Utmoſt* ſhe did act her part)
This alſo is a Truth ſaid I; I own't:
But Pope of *Rome* and *Mufti,* I think don't
Agree ſo well, as theſe two Gyants here,
That ſit ſo cloſe they're almoſt in a Chair;
The *Roman Pontiff* reinforces oft
Venetian Fleets: In words he's very ſoft
Towards the *Germans* too, in their great Work,
Tho nothing's ſent to help againſt the *Turk.*

Chr. Th' old Gentleman of *Rome* I would not Wrong,
More Popes there are, and have been all along:

A fiercer far than *Rome's* behind the *A* ——*ps*,
And there's the Cauſe of all theſe Bones and Scalps;
You ſaw juſt now, with *Pilgrims* Aſhes ſtrown
Upon the Earth, and *Dunghills*, to be blown
Out of the World, with their Remembrance too,
Would *Providence* give way to what they do.
How ſweet the Gyants are! Plaiſter and Daub!
You ſee before them a Terreſtrial Globe.
They're offering to divide, and very fair:
If they can do't; and then they'll rant and tear,
Which deſerves greater Half? and two to one,
The ſtronger carries all; the other none.
Chriſtian, ſaid I, I hope that Paſtime's o're,
We'll turn and ſee, if 'tis as 'twas before:
For all the Gyants ſeem'd ſo to agree
(At our Return) by th' Loggerheads may be.
However, *Chriſtian*, this I'll boldly ſay,
Thou ſafely now may go along thy way,
Perfect the *Progreſs* that thou haſt begun,
Our *King* is ſent, for to take Care of one:
The other *thine* will ſtop. Bleſs us! what things
May we expect from theſe two *Saxon* Kings?
Blind *Faithleſs Fame* that e'er 'twas ſaid, (I'm ſorry)
A great Man's Projects never can miſcarry.
In this my Dream, as I imagin'd, ended
Chriſtian's Diſcourſe and mine; with that he bended
Himſelf *All-Sion-wards*; and his old way
In ſinging ſweetly, for a joyful Day.

Wonders! I can say no less,
Pilgrims *live in such distress!*
Just when Fears did meet me here
Timely did my Lord appear
Devils, Dangers, Darkness, Hell,
All did Ring my Passing Bell;
Sin did compass me about,
Yet my Lord *did help me out.*

Ending his Song, *Christian* past on, until
He found a little small Ascending Hill,
Not Natures Work; but as I might for you,
Raise up some Mount, and so assist your View.
Such an Advantage *Christian* quickly spies.
Here he as others needs all Help for Eyes:
Spectacles he, as well as others, buys.
Now he sees *Faithful* march before i'th' Road,
And calls *So ho! Stay! Stay! for Love of God.*
Faithful look'd back, then *Christian* call'd again,
Stay! Stay! I pray until I can come in.
But *Faithful* answer'd No, (for this good Reason)
Th' Venger of Blood pursues: I fear some Treason
Laid to my Charge: So run with *Might and Maine.*
And *Christian* stretch'd up to the utmost Strain;
That he came in: But was so Proud (the while
Out-stripping *Faithful*) made a *Boasting Smile*;
When on a suddain (*Pride* not minding well)
Down came the *Christian*; all along he fell
Yet *Faithful*, running, came, and help'd him well.
I'm under Fear indeed, had it been I,
I'd laugh'd at *Christian*, and so let him lie.

Must

Muſt I tho chooſe *Religion*, let me fall!
VVhere *Faith's* ſo *Great*, and *Prejudice* ſo *Small*.
After this Hurry o're, all things were well,
Chriſtian was made ſo neat, as neither ſmell
VVas in the leaſt offenſive; nor at all
The Dirt unto the Eye, by that foul Fall:
For Truth it is *Faithful* did take great Pains,
To ſcrape him o're: I'd almoſt ſaid his Brains:
Shewing the *Chriſtian* 'twas a puff of Pride,
That blew'd him o'er. I felt it on my *Side*.
Said *Chriſtian* then; not like a Vapouring Man,
That loads his Faults on others, if he can.

F I N I S.

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